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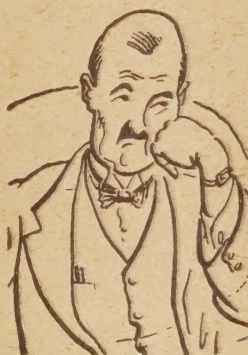
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A Turning Point for President Eisenhower

By JOSEPH HARSCH

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has come back to Washington from six weeks of golfing and fishing in Colorado. He had not been back here long before he must have realised that he returns to a different Washington from the one he left. By and large, he was still accorded up to the time he went away the respect and the deference which we of the western world tend to show to our returned military heroes. Somehow, that belongs to the past now. He was a military hero, he is now President of the United States. The phrase 'President Eisenhower' comes naturally to the tongue, whereas before, one always started to say 'General Eisenhower'.

In the United States the title President carries with it less immunity to criticism than the title General, because the word President is a political word, even more, I think, than your title of Prime Minister. The new mood of the new times came out clearly at Mr. Eisenhower's first home-coming news conference. He has had a few brushes with the press in the past but nothing like this one. This was the first time, I think, that Mr. Eisenhower faced a press-corps which looked at him as it would at any political figure, that is, as a legitimate target for straight, hard, political questions which are not tempered by that special relationship which has grown up in war time between war correspondents and generals.

It was easy to see that this was a novel and a startling experience for Mr. Eisenhower. Three times during that first news conference this week the lines around his mouth suddenly tightened, the colour rose to his cheeks and forehead, and there was a snap and a hardness in the response which had not been present before. He was jolted by a straight question as to whether he had made a promise

and then broken it to Martin Durkin, the first departure from his Cabinet, who had resigned, making such a charge. He was jolted by a straight question whether he intended to allow important news to be given out in advance to favourite newspapers. The appointment of the new Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court had been given to five newspapers two days earlier. He was jolted by a straight question whether he intended to intervene in a forthcoming state election campaign in spite of the fact that he had previously announced that he would not intervene in local politics.

At the same news conference, Mr. Eisenhower showed that he is sensitive to widespread criticism of the length of his summer holiday. He was asked whether he would be willing to alternate his news conferences between morning and afternoon. He replied that he would consider the matter, but that it is more difficult for him to fit an afternoon conference into his schedule than a morning one. He added that his schedule is a burdensome one, in spite of some adverse comment. Unstated, but understood by everyone present, is the fact that Mr. Eisenhower frequently takes the afternoon off for golf, which is why he prefers a morning news conference.

I have related these details of the news conference not because they are important in themselves but because the tone of the exchanges was symptomatic of the change which has taken place during the summer in the relationship between President Eisenhower and the public and the press. Through the war and down to the time Dwight Eisenhower came home from Paris to run for President he was not, in the eyes of the average American, a person, he was an impalpable thing, a symbol, an idea. Through the campaign and through the winter and through the spring he con-

tinued to be an impalpable thing, symbol, and idea, although a different one. He was still not a familiar person: he was the idea of something which was going to end the war in Korea and high taxes, end the old political issues which have troubled this American land for some twenty years.

But now he becomes a person, and a familiar person. The vagueness and indefiniteness of the symbolic idea has disappeared: in place of it is a man with personal and human outlines, a man who begins to be identified with specific points of view on specific issues. A man, therefore, who can be and is being disagreed with, a man who can be and is being criticised. This is no metamorphosis of the man himself, it is a metamorphosis in the public view of a man: a single man has begun to emerge from a welter of conflicting wish-images. Of course this change did not happen suddenly or because of any one thing, it happened gradually during the summer, and it happened for many reasons.

Why Public Opinion Has Changed

It happened because farm prices have been falling, it happened because Martin Durkin resigned from the Cabinet, and then told the trade unions that the President had gone back on a promise to him to amend the labour laws in favour of the unions. It happened because the Government's financial experts have decided that if taxes are going to be cut as promised then new taxes will have to be imposed to make up for part of the loss of revenue. It happened because Mr. Eisenhower took six weeks for golf and fishing in Colorado. It happened for other reasons too, but those I think were the main ones. Because every one of them caused a group of people suddenly to see in Dwight Eisenhower not just a disembodied idea but a man who had done something which the group considered to be to its disadvantage, or which the group did not like.

Perhaps I should go back and add another item to my category—the Protestant clergy. Twice this summer broadside attacks were fired at the Protestant clergy from Republican-controlled committees of the Congress. Mr. Eisenhower himself had nothing whatever to do with those attacks. He protested against the first one, but the attacks happened, he had not prevented them from happening. And three members of his White House staff attended this week the wedding of Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin from whose committee staff the first attack came, and whom Protestant clergymen associate automatically with the attacks, and who has not yet been repudiated publicly by Mr. Eisenhower.

There is a perceptible change in public attitude towards Senator McCarthy, almost entirely I think because of the attacks on the Protestant clergy. One Senator who belongs to the opposition party commented recently that he is not afraid of McCarthy any more, because he has all the Protestant clergymen in his state on his side now. This does not mean for an instant that Protestants as a group are turning against President Eisenhower. It does mean that many Protestants who before were completely for Eisenhower now find that on one point they wish the Eisenhower Administration would do something different. Which means another angle of criticism opening up against the President. Add, therefore, to my category of reasons for many people seeing Dwight Eisenhower as a human being that most Protestant clergymen and many Protestants see him as a man who has not yet broken with McCarthy.

The Democrats had a rally out in Chicago during the summer while the President was having his holiday. The Democrats there obviously sensed the change in public mood. They indulged in direct criticisms of Eisenhower for the practical political reason that in the changed mood of America such criticism is tolerated, whereas before the summer such criticism would have back-fired upon the criticiser. There are detectable disgruntled elements in the population, which is another way of saying potential customers for the Democrats. The biggest and most important groups up to this time are the farmers and organised labour. The farmers are openly unhappy about the downward trend of farm prices, the trade unions are worried by Mr. Eisenhower's failure to satisfy

Mr. Durkin. Thus, America is back to a normal political situation. There is dissatisfaction with the Government which the opposition can exploit, the President himself is no longer immune to criticism. Mr. Eisenhower has returned to Washington a political man.

The interesting thing to watch for during the autumn and winter will be the effect of this change in the public view of the man upon the man himself. He still regards himself as a man who belongs neither to the political right nor to the political left, he calls himself a middle-of-the-roader. He likes to think that the men he has brought into his Government are all like him, men with no pronounced leanings or fixed convictions, men with open minds who can judge an issue on its merits. He believes that if he can bring people from opposite sides of a controversial issue together that they will be able then to work out the right answer to the issue, and agree upon the answer. It is natural for him when faced with a complicated problem to try to obtain such an agreed and perfect solution by establishing a special committee or commission. After all, that is the way complicated military problems were solved by his staff when he was a soldier. Mr. Eisenhower is still trying to run the Government of the United States the way he ran the Allied armies during the war and from Paris after the war.

To understand this is to know why it is foolish to try to predict the decisions he will make on any given issue now pending. He does not, as yet, possess the established sense of political direction which a Winston Churchill or a Clement Attlee or a Franklin Delano Roosevelt or an Adlai Stevenson possesses. Dwight Eisenhower does not direct the course of American government, he presides over it. He has not yet acquired the practice of most heads of government of trying to exercise leadership and of trying to give a sense of direction. He may come to do so, but the time has not yet arrived. He is under pressure to take a more active hand in the direction of policy. He may have to when the next session of the Congress opens. The last session was dominated by the personality and power of Robert Taft. Senator Taft is gone now and there is no single individual in the Congress of comparable influence and power. It has been said frequently and with much justification that Senator Taft played the role of Prime Minister in the first phase of the Eisenhower Government. There is no visible other Republican in the Congress at present who could play that role.

President or Prime Minister?

There are, however, a group of Republicans who apparently want to have a try at doing it as a group. When they make their effort Mr. Eisenhower will then have to decide whether to become his own Prime Minister or let the direction of his Government be set from the Congress by a committee of its members, most of whom were not his supporters for the presidency until he had defeated Taft for the nomination. Many a question will be decided at that time. The inclination of the Congressional group of Republicans is nationalist. The inclination of Mr. Eisenhower, and also of those Republicans who made him President, is internationalist. The inclination of the Congressional group is more conservative than that of the Republicans who made Mr. Eisenhower President, and more than Mr. Eisenhower seems himself to be.

Thus, the ultimate direction of the Eisenhower Government in both foreign and domestic policy is going to be determined not by what has happened so far, or by what is in the mind of Mr. Eisenhower himself, but rather by what happens when the group of Congressional Republicans who supported Senator Taft seek to take and exercise the leadership in the American Government this winter. At that time Mr. Eisenhower is going to have to choose between the inclinations of the great mass of the Republicans, who summoned him from a military career to the Presidency, and the inclination of the Congressional group which tried on behalf of Senator Taft to prevent that summons. Then we will learn whether the political man Eisenhower is going to be a presiding President of the United States or a prime-minister President.—*Home Service*

Rehabilitating the Kikuyu

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. special correspondent

MANY months ago, at the hottest time of the dry season in Kenya and also at a time when Mau Mau terrorism was at its worst, I watched a European District Officer produce a three-act play in the heart of the Kikuyu reserves. It was a short play, lasting perhaps five minutes in all, and it had a simple and ancient plot; but none the less it got a splendid reception from the loyal Kikuyu home guards and tribal policemen who were assembled there to watch. It had all started when a chief in the Fort Hall reserve decided to form his own guard unit, as he had a perfect right to do. Presently he sent along to the District Officer's place to ask him to come and lecture the recruited men on their responsibilities and duties.

The D.O. arrived not long afterwards in a dust-caked lorry, and found himself faced with the task of giving at short notice an important and grave talk in the name of the Queen to a large group of Africans whose enthusiasm for the fray in many cases exceeded their sense of discipline. The D.O. did not hesitate. He gracefully sat down in the chair vacated for him by the chief and made a little speech about the brutal nature of Mau Mau. Then he got up from the chair and, calling forward the chief and one of the home guards, made them both sit down on it at the same time, so that each balanced precariously on the edge. The D.O. then tried to lift the chair. He failed. Then he called forward a tribal policeman, and bade him try. And then a headman, or right-hand-man of the chief. And then an African soldier whom he had brought with him in the lorry as bodyguard. All failed. Finally, the District Officer told the tribal policeman and the headman and the soldier to step forward together and each grasp a leg of the chair. He himself grasped the fourth leg. Without any difficulty the four of them together raised the chair and toppled to the ground the two men who were on the seat. 'Unity is strength', said the D.O., turning to the marvelling crowd. 'And that is the only way to beat Mau Mau'. And they understood him and cheered for several minutes on end.

I have mentioned this small and no doubt fairly common example of how a government officer goes about his job in time of trouble because I think it will also be the way in which he will have to go about his job when things get better—that is, when the Mau Mau campaign of terrorism has died down to a sufficient extent to allow the Government to get into its stride with plans for rehabilitating those who turned against it and for educating those whose minds have not yet been poisoned. Whatever is to be done in these two directions will have to be done by very simple means and it will have to be completely realistic. The Kikuyu are, by comparison with many other tribes in East Africa, intelligent and quick. But of late their quickness has often been applied to believing without hesitation the worst of the European, and their intelligence to devising means to thwart him. At the same time their minds are frequently so straightforward and uncritical that any rumour spread by unscrupulous leaders will in time gain credence over a wide area, however obviously ridiculous it may appear to a European.

I can remember dozens of such rumours, not all of them confined only to the Kikuyu tribe. For example, that the Europeans encouraged the terracing of land in the

reserves not, as they claimed, in order that the soil might be saved from erosion in the interests of Africans, but in order that it might be in a better condition when the time came for it to be annexed by Europeans. That the drinking of European beer made African men sterile—this, incidentally, was a rumour which for a time seriously affected the business done by European brewers in Kenya. That in order to get hold

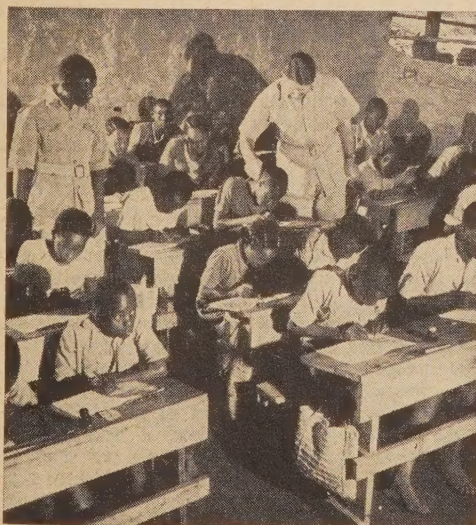


Officials of a divisional security team holding a meeting of Kikuyu home guards and their families at Mukuruweini

of money, a European, any European, merely had to go along to a bank and collect it, irrespective of whether he had earned it or not. That the Europeans would shortly be driven out of the country because the so-called prophet Elijah Masinde, who had been deported by the administration some time previously for subversive activities, had returned in the form of a two-headed serpent. (A twin-fuselaged Vampire jet fighter performing aerobatics in the Mount Elgon area was later found to be at the root of this particular rumour). That any African who let himself be photographed would never be able to return to his lands in the reserves. This rumour threatened for a time the success of the Kenya Government's attempts to photograph, in the interest of security, all those living in European settled areas as farm hands or domestic servants. And so on and so on—it seems that almost any rumour which tends to paint the European in a darker light has a chance of being believed.

As a result, the work of officers of the administration is made that much harder when the time comes for the rebuilding of confidence. The best way in which such stories and hostile propaganda can be counteracted is by practical denial. The approach which is perhaps most easily understood by large sections of the Kikuyu tribe is embedded in lessons as simple and incisive as that taught by the District Officer with his demonstration of the old truth that unity is strength.

It is, of course, wrong to imagine that rehabilitation plans are not already in hand. Short-term ones have already begun; long-term ones are in preparation. Not long ago a big step was made towards the reaccept-



Classroom in a school for Kikuyu children at Kiambu

ance not merely of minor Mau Mau offenders—people who had taken the oath, and so on—but of actual terrorists. After a period of interrogation and observation they were given the chance to work themselves back into good grace by fighting with a loyal home-guard unit, and in fact a very high proportion of former Mau Mau adherents took advantage of this opportunity. And then, more recently, the Government has started courses among minor Mau Mau offenders now in prison, with the idea of weaning them away from Mau Mau and decontaminating those already tainted with terrorist ideas. They are being given instruction in Christian doctrine, and they are also learning trades which will, it is hoped, be of use to them when they come out. And then they are encouraged to compete with each other in various games and competitions, and for recreation they are allowed to organise singing and dancing concerts. In recent months the African Information Services in Nairobi have made much use of broadcasting as a means of getting something other than Mau Mau propaganda over to the people. In any African location in Nairobi, or sometimes outside in the little general stores in the Kikuyu reserves themselves, you can see a crowd of listeners assembled round the loud-speakers when it is time for the news or for a political commentary by a fellow African.

Not long ago there was a most unusual and effective broadcast on these lines. It was of a bombing attack on Mau Mau terrorists in the Aberdare mountains, and it was made by an African commentator using a portable recording machine in the 'plane itself as it dived and bucked into and out of the steep gorges. I think that that broadcast, and the film about the Coronation which is also being widely shown, were the two entertainments that went down best with Africans the whole time I was in Kenya.

Until the pattern of the present battle against terrorism itself becomes a little clearer, the long-term measures necessary to bring back the Kikuyu from their present tragic condition to their former loyalty must remain, in part at least, in the blueprint stage. But a great deal of thought is constantly being given to the matter at the highest level and, obviously, much of this thought turns on the problems connected with what has sometimes been called the 'land-hunger' of the Kikuyu tribe. This is a most complicated and perplexing matter which is bound up with the whole social and economic pattern in Kenya today—European, African, and Asian—and it is perhaps enough for me to say here that problems connected with land settlements will still exist, in the opinion of everyone I discussed the matter with in East Africa, even after Mau Mau terrorism itself has been stamped out.

In other words, land has got to be considered in any long-term plans

made by the authorities now—considered, that is, not only as to its availability but also as to how it can best be used. On the whole, the Kikuyu people do not like leaving their reserves. North of Nairobi is their country, they say, and there they want to stay. But there have been occasions when Kikuyu have emigrated—for example, there are some out in the west of Kenya, near Lake Victoria, and until recently at least there were several thousands in the northern part of Tanganyika—and there is always a chance that if land can be found for them elsewhere, more Kikuyu will leave their fertile but crowded reserves and set about opening up new land in less promising areas. This would call for new kinds of farming skills and techniques but it would also relieve pressure on the existing reserves, and develop a new pride among people who have lost much of that quality while undergoing the double process of detribalisation and urbanisation.

This urbanisation is really just the 'coming-to-town' that goes on to a greater or lesser extent in all rural societies which feel the impact of a city. In itself it might be an excellent thing if more Kikuyu came to Nairobi in order to work in secondary industries and eventually become 'town Africans' who would be independent of a stake in the already crowded reserves. But in fact much of the 'coming-to-town' that has been going on so far is not too promising. 'Spivs' and idlers from the reserves, congregating in Nairobi, have usually worked at best a few months a year and then returned to their homes: at worst they have lent themselves to Mau Mau conspiracy and practice. It is now generally recognised in Kenya that no African is ever likely to settle down to live out a normal life in a city such as Nairobi without being given some kind of security for his old age and, in particular, some home which he can buy outright during his working years.

To recognise this need is one thing, to satisfy it is quite another. But a start has been made—and had indeed been made long before the emergency began—with building more houses, which is the first step of all. And quite recently the Colonial Development Corporation has made a loan to the Kenya government of £2,000,000, most of which is to be spent on housing for Africans.

All these problems lie still somewhat beyond the sound and fury of the struggle against terrorism itself. But they are none the less very real. And to an increasing degree the extremists who once said 'the Kikuyu are unforgivable' now remember to add the words 'but they're still with us'. This, of course, is just one other way of saying that all parts of Kenya are parts of the whole, and that the whole will suffer if one part is ruined.—*General Overseas Service*

Five Years of the Council of Europe

By KENNETH MATTHEWS, B.B.C. special correspondent

NINETEEN-FORTY-NINE: the Council of Europe's first year. Every shop, every public building and many private ones in the city of Strasbourg flew the green flag of the European movement. The crowds flocked to the university to watch the personalities arrive. They watched in particular for one man—a man who came to sit in the hall as an ordinary delegate, but who was introduced to that first Assembly in these words: 'You have present among you, dear colleagues—you will allow me to offer our common homage to one to whom every free man owes a profound debt—Mr. Winston Churchill. From his mind sprang the movement which brought us here'.

The enthusiasm ran high. Another British delegate—now one of the senior Ministers of Her Majesty's Government—said at that first session: 'It may well be that future historians will agree that this meeting of the Council of Europe was the turning point of the twentieth-century'. The French had sent a brilliant team—masters of passionate oratory like M. Teitgen, or of witty and merciless logic, like M. Reynaud, who had been Prime Minister in 1940 at the moment of the fall of France. From Belgium came M. Spaak, a figure of Churchillian build and pugnacity, who was promptly elected the Assembly's first President. Only the Germans were not present in Strasbourg that first year. A united Europe—that was the idea which provided the inspiration.

It meant, for most of the Continental statesmen gathered at Strasbourg, a federation of European nations: a United States of Europe. Certainly that was the conception of M. Spaak who went out on several occasions to speak to the crowds, sometimes to parties of young people who had travelled to Strasbourg from great distances. 'You are the arbiters', he told them. 'You are the European voters; you are public opinion. You must *push* your Governments'—and here M. Spaak with his broad shoulders and jutting chin, would suit the action to the word—'You must push your Governments into making Europe'.

Britain and the Scandinavian countries were not ready to go as far as this. The Labour Government was still in power in Britain, and its spokesmen at Strasbourg gave no encouragement to the hope that Britain would enter a European federation. Indeed, in the prevailing enthusiasm, some of their speeches were so blunt as to sound rather ungracious; and M. Reynaud launched the first of many assaults he was to make upon what he considered British complacency and indifference. 'The day will come', he declared, 'when our British colleagues who have come here to put before us, in all good faith, the objections of the British workers, will talk to the British workers. They will have to tell them that contrary to what they think, there is no choice between the *status quo* and the painful remodelling of Europe; they will tell them that the *status quo* is coming to an end'. For the French, the British position

was critical: federation looked many times more attractive with Britain in. They pinned their hopes to the influence of Mr. Churchill and the possibility of a change of government in Britain.

In any case, the Council of Europe Assembly was powerless to advance European federation, with or without Britain, by its own acts. The governments which had set it up had taken care of that. The Assembly was for consultation only: it could make recommendations and nothing more: action could be taken only by a second body, the Committee of Ministers, who themselves could do nothing apart from the national governments to which they belonged. All that first session the Assembly fretted under its limitations. Members said: 'What are we? As at present constituted, we are simply a debating club'. They demanded 'real power'. They saw the Council of Europe Assembly as a future European parliament, levying taxes and passing laws.

The 'House of Europe'

Nineteen-fifty arrived: this time the Assembly had its own building to meet in, a prefabricated palace of white concrete and glass on the outskirts of Strasbourg. The architect said it had been planned to last ten years. Behind this 'House of Europe', as it was named, a large and pleasant garden had been laid out. The gardeners—with more faith or less caution than the builders—were nursing along four blue cedars which were likely to outlive not only the building but all the delegates, too. However, two of the cedars died in the delicate stage of transplantation, and anyone looking for omens for the Council of Europe could have found a wide choice.

Fifteen flags now flew outside the House of Europe. The Germans, together with the Saarlanders and the Icelanders, had joined the nations at Strasbourg. The first German delegate to rise in the course of debate said: 'We see no guarantee for peace except in the rapid, resolute union of the free peoples of Europe. As a result of our past sufferings, we hate war from the bottom of our hearts, and we declare ourselves in favour of a united Europe, leaving aside all considerations of private advantage'. All the early German speakers were most sympathetically applauded.

The Korean conflict had broken out. Although the Assembly were forbidden by their statute to debate military matters, Mr. Churchill rose from a seat on the extreme edge of the new, white-leather-panelled Assembly Hall to propose the establishment of a European army. 'There must be created, and in the shortest possible time, a real defensive force in Europe. Britain and the United States must send large forces to the Continent. France must revive her famous army. All—Greece, Turkey, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Scandinavian States—must bear their share and do their best'. Neither the Scandinavian States nor the British Labour Government spokesmen responded wholeheartedly to this appeal, but the motion in Mr. Churchill's name, calling for the immediate creation of a European army, was passed by a huge and enthusiastic majority.

The French also made a major contribution to the 1950 Assembly. M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, came to Strasbourg to explain the Schuman Plan for pooling the coal and steel resources of six European countries. Once again, British speakers got up to say that they could not join the plan, but would support it: and once again, M. Reynaud castigated them for their attitude of cheering from the side-lines: 'They tell us', he said, "Go ahead, you dear French people, take the risk, do the dirty work in the House of Europe, and if it proves to be comfortable we'll come and settle in the rooms you have reserved for us, and if it collapses over your head, we'll attend your funeral with the greatest sorrow".

The year 1951 was a critical one. It marked a grave turning point for the Council of Europe Assembly. M. Spaak, three times in succession elected to the office of President, resigned. He did so suddenly and dramatically, after a confused debate about simplifying the mass of European organisations which had sprung up since the war. What was in the air was a European political authority or super-government which would control the Coal and Steel Pool, and the European army, and any other common enterprises like that. The debate ended very late at night in chaotic conditions: few delegates were quite sure of what they had and what they had not voted for. Next morning, M. Spaak was unaccountably absent from his chair. Half-way through the sitting, one of the vice-presidents read the letter of resignation. The Assembly, thunderstruck, voted unanimously to ask M. Spaak to think again. They cheered him when, an hour or so later, he came in and took his seat in the body of the hall. Then he made the speech of a man who had been

for a long time restraining himself from saying blunt and bitter things. 'I have come to the conclusion that in this Assembly of 130, there are not more than sixty who really believe in a united Europe. It is my impression that many of us are wondering whether we are doing anything useful here. Some of us have the feeling that when the British talk about their Commonwealth, they are only making excuses'. In effect, M. Spaak announced his conversion to a new policy. Having satisfied themselves that they could expect nothing better from a Conservative than a Labour Government in Britain, those who believed in European union should now turn their energies towards building up the European Community of Six, the super-government of France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg.

The consequences of M. Spaak's change of attitude became clear in the following year 1952. The European Coal and Steel Community had come into existence in July. One of its institutions was the Coal and Steel Assembly, whose function was to exercise parliamentary control over the Coal and Steel High Authority. This was real power at last, because the Assembly confirmed or dismissed the High Authority just as a parliament sustains or refuses confidence to a government. And to this new Assembly M. Spaak was triumphantly elected President. When the Council of Europe Assembly met a few days later, the leading personalities of the Coal and Steel powers played a much less prominent part than usual: there were days when the majority of speakers were British and Irish Republicans! British speakers of all parties expressed their good wishes for the Union of the Six; but several asked whether such a union might not bring back German domination of Europe in a new form.

The measure of British concern was indicated by the presence of Mr. Eden in Strasbourg, and the discussion on what became known as the Eden Plan. This, briefly, was an appeal to the Six not to sever their links with the other countries of the Council of Europe, but on the contrary, to maintain all possible contacts and, in Mr. Eden's words 'do their work in full view of the European family as a whole'. The Italian Prime and Foreign Minister, Signor de Gasperi, followed Mr. Eden to the rostrum to commend the plan, and M. Spaak made one of his brief appearances during that session to say that the plan had his support also. But many delegates remained convinced that the impetus towards European unity had been transferred to the institutions of the Six, and the Council of Europe was destined to fill only a secondary role.

A Major Debate

The sittings of this year did not do a great deal to alter this impression, although there were signs which Council of Europe supporters found hopeful. There was one debate of major importance. This was on European policy towards Russia, in view of recent apparent changes in Russian policy, and M. Spaak himself undertook the task of preparing the working paper for the debate. There was also, in the course of the debate, a new statement of British Government policy towards the European army and Defence Community. This was given in a speech by Mr. Nutting, who said that Britain stood four-square behind the European Defence Community, that she had made new proposals to the Six Powers, and that if these were accepted, British partnership with the Community would be 'closer than any we have ever known before'.

The attendances at this year's Assembly, however, fell far below the levels achieved in the early years. For the final vote in the big debate the Assembly was only at three-quarters strength, despite the assumption made by all speakers that they were clarifying European opinion for a conference between the three Western Powers and Russia. Another disturbing factor was the absence or silence of the French Government spokesmen—the same men who had led and electrified the debates of earlier years. This was widely interpreted as a sign of a loss of confidence in the European solutions which France herself had proposed. One of the most experienced and influential of the Scandinavian delegates said: 'I doubt if France will ratify the European Defence Community; and if she ratifies with only a narrow majority, because of her growing fear of Germany, how can such a Community be expected to bring solid strength to a European union?'

You do not see the European flags in Strasbourg these days, nor the enthusiastic crowds. But the blue cedars have been transplanted again—to make room for cranes and the skeleton of a new wing for the House of Europe. It is plain that the Council of Europe is going on, despite the doubtful prognostications; the question is, with how much real influence in European affairs.—*Home Service*

Is France Too Much of a Welfare State?

By RAYMOND ARON

THE wave of strikes which engulfed the French nation during the summer came as a shock not only to foreign visitors but also to the French ministers, deputies, and political commentators. Nobody was able to explain how and why a local movement spread with such an extraordinary velocity. Nobody, even in the Government, knew exactly what the strikers were protesting against or claiming.

Seen from the outside, through the headlines of the press, France seemed to be on the verge of a revolution. Seen by the Frenchman and even by the tourist, in spite of many inconveniences the climate was peaceful. The soldiers could intervene as strike-breakers without any serious incident. It was as if a deep discontent had suddenly exploded, as if the people were saying: 'No, it's too much. We can't go on this way'. Some spoke of strikes of disgust, nobody of revolutionary strikes. If the strikes, by their extension, became, in the end, almost revolutionary, nobody wanted it. It was the result, not the intention.

Discrepancy between Claims and Means

From the economic point of view, another reason for surprise was that prices had been almost stable for eighteen months. The explosion cannot be explained by inflation, discrepancy between cost of living and wages. The relation between both is probably a little better than it was two years ago. If, as some believe, wages are intolerably low, we must conclude that the resources of the community are not sufficient to meet the claims of the people. The discrepancy is not between prices and wages but between claims and means—which is not, after all, mysterious, if we remember that, in the nineteen-thirties, France was in a permanent state of crisis and, in the 'forties, that she passed through war and occupation.

Everybody will object that such an explanation is too simple, and will search for a more profound interpretation. I would not deny that the insufficiency of the resources is not the only cause of collective discontent, nor even the only economic cause. But I would like to show how disputable are the opinions generally expressed by journalists or held by the public at large outside France.

It is said that the main source of trouble is unfair distribution: the wage-earners do not get their right part. Let us look at the figures. The comparison is often made between Great Britain, where wages and salary-earners get 69.7 per cent. of the national income, and France, where they get only 49 per cent. But the reasons for the difference are commonly forgotten. Is the part of the income of capital, interest, distributed profits of companies or rents, greater in France than in Britain? Not at all. This part is 9.7 per cent. in Britain, 4.6 per cent. in France. The difference comes from the fact that mixed incomes, which, in Great Britain, represent only 11.7 per cent. of the national income, amount in France to 32 per cent. What are the incomes described as mixed in official statistics? They are the incomes of peasants and farmers, of small industrialists, of shopkeepers, of artisans, of the millions of small people who are neither wage-earners nor capitalists. The relative importance of this category in France reveals a fundamental fact: the dispersion, the smallness of productive units—that is, the individualistic structure of French agriculture, industry, and trade. There are 300,000 trade units more after the war than before it. In agriculture, there are more than 2,000,000 units, among them more than half with one or two workers. To use the words of the Marxists, accumulation and concentration of capital have proceeded at a very slow pace. And, once more, facts prove that communism is created not by capitalism but by the failure of capitalism. The resistance of traditional structures to modern methods of production nourishes the communist longing for revolution and the so-called classless society.

I could show that the unfair distribution is neither between the peasants and the urban population, nor between employees and employers, nor between manufacturers and tradesmen—in spite of the fact that there is something true in the endless talking about the *inter-médiaries*. Unfair distribution there is, but inside each category—and I would add that it is not so easy to determine what injustice is—is it

unjust that the small shopkeeper should not earn enough or that the successful business man should make too much profit? Which is worse for society, the survival of the first or the prosperity of the second? There is another opinion, held by many observers in and outside France: that the French state is not doing its duty as a modern state, is not reducing the inequalities by redistribution of income. This seems to me wrong. I am afraid the French state, although not modern enough, is rather too much of a welfare state.

I usually discriminate between two states, the state of the political men and the state of the civil servants. The first protects the peasants against taxation, the small tradesmen against the big firms. When wine is not selling well, the state intervenes in order to prevent an abrupt fall of the prices. It buys alcohol at fixed prices even when there is no market for it. Price support, tax privileges, and tax evasion, help the small farmers or small tradesmen, even the inefficient ones, to survive a few years more. On the other hand, the state of the permanent civil service is preoccupied with investment, modern equipment, redistribution of income. Since the war, a system of social security has been set up, which is among the most complicated and progressive in the world. The Monnet Plan has been launched, and each year provides 300 to 400 billions of francs, for investment mainly in the nationalised industries, and a sum of the same order of magnitude for reconstruction. If you add the ordinary state expenditure, the Indo-Chinese war, European rearmament, the transfers of social security and the state-financed investment and reconstruction, you come to the extraordinary figure of almost half—47 per cent.—of the net national income going through the Treasury.

State spending does not necessarily constitute a burden on the economy. Social security means that the wage-earner gets less directly for his work. Rent control here prevents, almost completely, private building: the state takes a part of each income in order to support public or semi-public building. The state has a lot to take from John's pocket in order to give to Peter. That has to be done by taxes. There are limits to the amount which can be transferred by taxes without dislocation of the economy.

We have seen that mixed incomes amount to almost a third of the national income. Mixed incomes—of the peasants or tradesmen—are difficult to cover by direct taxation. As a result, indirect taxes have to play a greater role than direct ones, and in fact supply two-thirds of the state income. Of direct taxes, two-thirds again are paid by the firms and not by the individuals. Private companies have become tax collectors for the state, in order to overcome the natural resistance of taxpayers. Let me quote again an extraordinary figure: the amount of billions of francs paid by private enterprises to the state, either as taxes or as social security, is almost equal to the total wages and salary bill. In such a situation, it is not surprising that the effort to evade taxation should become almost irresistible. By higher percentage of fraud, the badly equipped firms hope to prolong their existence. The burden of taxation becomes a brake on the necessary process of survival of the fittest.

Contradictory Causes

The main point I would like to make is this: if we leave aside the fundamental factor, the discrepancy between claims and means, the economic causes of the French malaise are not to be found in simple facts but in contradictions; the structure of production is individualistic, the distribution almost socialist. The prices of all products are increased by taxes necessary to finance construction because the rents are artificially low, or investment because individual saving has been destroyed by inflation and by high taxation. The ordinary Frenchman likes good living. Modernisation of industry is held necessary by civil servants, the percentage of investment in relation to national income or industrial production is high. Such a regime creates permanent tensions, which can be eased only by time. In the long run, the objective should be to reduce the transfers, to increase the direct wages and reduce in proportion the indirect, to increase rents and reduce public financing

of building, to revive private saving and reduce forced saving. In short, the first objective should be to put an end to the present recession and to obtain an increase of production without inflation.

In July, M. Laniel's government got from the Assembly special power to put the house in order. Some useful measures have been taken, but very cautiously after the outburst of strikes. Everybody agrees that the *relance*, the expansion of the economy, should have first priority. The level of production is now below that of 1952, near the 1951 level. But there is no agreement on the best method of overcoming the stagnation. Many observers privately agree that French prices are too high, but, for political motives, nobody has the courage to draw the conclusion. A vague hope is entertained that a reform of the trade branch, which is in any case necessary, could do the trick.

No economic reform alone could dispel the social discontent which is also created by a feeling of hopelessness. For the first time it looks as if the French are protesting against the lack of authority. M. Laniel

had been chosen or accepted by the Assembly because he was unknown to the public. He has become curiously unpopular in the country—perhaps an improvement on the indifference which was the lot of previous prime ministers. Politics could cure the feeling of hopelessness for which politics is largely responsible. A coherent majority, a firm government, any strong prime minister could quickly change the French climate.

Unfortunately, the European army is now provoking a new conflict inside the governing coalition. The Gaullists are ready to ratify a German rearmament but not a European federation of the Six Powers. The M.R.P. are ready to ratify the German rearmament, but only if it is combined with a European federation. How will the conflict be solved? Are the Socialists ready to take the place of the Gaullists? Nobody can answer this question with certainty, only one thing is sure: politics in the coming month will increase the social malaise and not diminish it. France is not yet near the end of her time of trouble.

—Third Programme

Morocco: the Real Problems

By SIBYL EYRE CROWE

SHORTLY before the deposition of the ex-Sultan of Morocco, the Quai d'Orsay officially stated that 'no pressure had been put upon the Sultan except the pressure of events'. After his deposition General Guillaume, the Resident-General, also stated that 'it was not true that the Protectorate authorities had been at the back of the movement of the Glaoui (the Pasha of Marrakesh). What was true was that they had made common cause with the chiefs against the Istiqlal' (the Independence Party of Morocco). Gladstone, we are reminded, once said that 'General Gordon was hemmed in but not surrounded'. But his remark did not do much to clarify the situation: and in this case the questions left open are: 'Who really determined the course of events? In what way did the Protectorate authorities make common cause with the chiefs, and what could the chiefs have done without them?'

Because of their complexity, Moroccan problems are best studied from two angles, the Franco-Moroccan and the purely Moroccan. From the Franco-Moroccan point of view the first and most important thing to realise is that Morocco, though a Protectorate, has since Lyautey's day been extensively settled by French colonists. The issue between the French authorities and the nationalists is not just a straight nationalist issue, therefore; it is a nationalist complicated by a settler issue. There are today 450,000 Europeans in the country, who form five per cent. of the population. As in most colonial territories which have been peopled by white settlers, landowners form only a very small proportion of the European population itself, which is predominantly urban in character. But this does not make the political problem any less acute. These 450,000 people have all come to stay; and because of their dominant position in the economic they claim a large and permanent share in the political life of the country. The nationalists dispute this claim. Fundamentally, therefore, the issue raised by the presence of the Europeans is this: 'Is Morocco to be Moroccan, or is it to be Franco-Moroccan?'

Another grievance of the nationalists is that the indirect methods of administration favoured by Lyautey have been discarded and direct methods unsuitable for a protectorate have been substituted in their stead. But the issue is less clear cut than the settler issue, because part of this development has been inevitable. It is simply the result of the widening range of governmental activities, which colonial, like other

administrations, have to undertake today. Part of it, on the other hand, has not been inevitable and has itself been complicated by the settler problem, and here it seems to me the nationalists have a just grievance. Though the great expansion which has taken place in the almost entirely French-staffed technical services of the Protectorate, particularly public works, education, and health, is highly praiseworthy and greatly to the credit of France, this does not itself justify the huge size, the all-pervasive authority, and the overwhelmingly French character of the administration, which numbers over 40,000 officials and absorbs eighty per cent. of ordinary budget receipts.

Lyautey's whole conception of a liaison between French controlling authorities on the one hand, and Moroccan authorities on the other, flanked by purely French administration of technical services alone, has been set aside to an extent which does not seem necessary, even if allowance be made for the expansion of the technical services. Wherever it is possible, for instance, the French have substituted mixed Franco-Moroccan for separate French and Moroccan institutions. Thus the purely Moroccan council of notables set up to advise the Sultan has had its place taken for all intents and purposes by a Franco-Moroccan council, part of which is composed of French officials. Under the reforms about to be instituted, the Sultan is also to delegate his legislative and

executive powers to mixed Franco-Moroccan committees. The only three Moroccan services which exist, those of the interior, justice, and religious lands, have very limited functions, and are so closely controlled by the French that they have no individual life of their own. In recent years the Sultan has also had very little say in the appointment of his own local officials, the pashas and caids in the provinces, who are consequently mere puppets for the most part in the hands of the 400 to 500 civil controllers and military officers who actually administer the country, and who supervise the local officials very closely, particularly in judicial matters. Most of the country is still under military rule; and excessive centralisation has also squeezed the life out of municipal institutions which are themselves dominated by French elements.

Under the municipal regime instituted by Lyautey, nominated municipal commissions were set up in most of the larger towns in which French and Moroccan members sat together, but in which the French always had a majority. It was Lyautey's view, however, expressed as far back as 1914, that



The present Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Mohammed Ben Aouf

there should ultimately be separate Moroccan and French assemblies, since this alone would assure 'a sincere representation of the natives and the complete independence of their views'. Nevertheless, whilst asserting their willingness, since the war, to convert the nominated commissions into elected assemblies, the French authorities have insisted that the assemblies in question must remain mixed Franco-Moroccan assemblies in which French members should have half the seats. It was the ex-Sultan's refusal to consider this proposal, and his insistence on separate Moroccan assemblies with some special form of representation for the French, which effectively held up all municipal reform until his deposition a month ago.

The composition of the municipal assemblies was indeed one of the main points, and quite the most intractable point at issue between the ex-Sultan and the Protectorate authorities; and this brings me back to the fact that the real, the fundamental question in Franco-Moroccan relations today is simply this: 'Is Morocco to be Moroccan, or is it to be Franco-Moroccan?'

Thus the Sultan and the Istiqlal party have been at one in demanding a new treaty with France, involving a new status for the French community and a new relationship between the two countries, on the basis of autonomy for Morocco in her internal affairs; a purely Moroccan national assembly and cabinet; and purely Moroccan municipal councils and trades unions. The French, on the other hand, have insisted that all reforms should take place within the framework of the Protectorate Treaty; that there should be a Franco-Moroccan executive; a Franco-Moroccan consultative legislature; Franco-Moroccan municipal councils; and Franco-Moroccan committees in control of any trades unions which the Moroccans should be allowed to enter. Closely associated with the same issue have been the demands of the Sultan and the Istiqlal for the abolition of 'direct' administration, and for more administrative posts for Moroccans. So have the Sultan's frequent requests for more state subsidies for Moroccan education; and the very violent charges of discrimination in favour of the French colony, in the whole field of social and economic development, which were brought by Istiqlal members of the Council of Government against the administration at the end of 1950.

These are the main Franco-Moroccan issues. The purely Moroccan issues are more complex, and to be properly understood must be set against their historical as well as their political background. Fundamentally the question is this: 'How far is the country really a divided country? How far has it been artificially, and how far perhaps falsely, divided against itself?' It is not easy to answer conclusively. But some light at least can be thrown upon the situation, by considering the real nature and importance of the Arabo-Berber cleavage, the cleavage between country and town, mountain and plain, in Morocco; and the position of the pashas and caids.

With regard to the Arabo-Berber cleavage, the first and most important thing to realise is that it is not a racial cleavage, since only a very small proportion of the Moroccan population is actually of Arab race; but a cleavage between Arabised Berbers on the one hand, and non-Arabised Berbers on the other. Nor is it a simple cleavage at that. It is at once a linguistic and a juridical cleavage, and the lines of demarcation in each case are not the same. Though forty-two per cent. of the Moroccan people speak Berber to the exclusion of Arabic, only thirty-three per cent. followed Berber customary law instead of canonical Moslem law, in matters of personal status, and have their own customary tribunals to administer it. These people are nearly all to be found in the mountain regions which cover more than half of Morocco. But they do not dominate them, even linguistically, as is sometimes thought, because Berber, as a language, is steadily retreating before Arabic; and the linguistic issue which is, in any case, secondary,

cannot from a long-term point of view be considered to be serious. The juridical issue, on the other hand, is still a serious issue, because the nationalists wish to put an end to customary law; while the populations concerned are, so far as is known, particularly attached to it. Nevertheless, it appears to have played only a minor part in the recent crisis.

What part the old traditional hostility between country and town, mountain and plain, really played in the crisis, is not easy to determine. The whole question hinges on how far the tribes who marched upon the big towns were genuinely hostile to the authority of the ex-Sultan, and were genuinely opposed to his nationalist policy; and how far they simply acted on the orders of their own pashas and caids, or of French officials, or of both. This itself raises the question of the nature of the authority and the reason for the attitude of the pashas and caids. Roughly speaking, these officials may be divided into three categories. First, there are the country pashas and caids whose hereditary or *de facto* title to authority has been confirmed by the administration. Secondly, there are the country pashas and caids who owe their authority entirely to the administration. Thirdly, there are the urban pashas and caids who can come from any part of the country and are mere nominees of the administration.

Prominent in the first category is the Glaoui. But, it is important to realise, his position is unique. He is the younger brother of one of three great chiefs of the High Atlas, who in the forty years preceding the establishment of the Protectorate in 1912, succeeded in carving out three great fiefs for themselves in southern Morocco. Menaced by risings within their own territories, they quickly made their submission to the French, and were then able, during the next fifteen years, when they were left very much to themselves, still further to increase their domains. The estates of two of these chiefs, the Mtouggi



El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, and (right) the deposed Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef

and the Gondafi, were divided up after their deaths in the 'twenties. But in 1919 Si el Thami el Glaoui, the present Pasha of Marrakesh, came into the heritage of his brother. At the age of seventy-eight he is consequently still master of enormous estates which are said to contain about 1,000,000 people. He is the only chieftain in Morocco to have such power. He owes it chiefly to the French. He dominates a region which has always tended to oppose the power of the Sultan in the north, and he is a great magnate who does not want to see changes in the established order. It is inevitable therefore that he should be opposed to nationalism. Other lesser caids of the south, who rose to power about the same time, have similar reasons for such an attitude.

The caids of the second category, who come mostly from the Middle Atlas Mountains, have even stronger reasons for being anti-nationalist, because they owe their position entirely to the French. The reason for this is that they belong to tribes which were governed before the Protectorate by oligarchic councils of elders and not by individual chiefs at all. They were generally nominated as caids because they had acquired a strong position in one of the two Leffs or vendetta-riven factions into which the tribes themselves were always about equally divided. At best therefore they had the support of only half the tribe which they commanded, and often that of much less than half. The same was originally true of the Glaoui and the other caids of southern Morocco who rose to power by overthrowing pre-existing oligarchical communities themselves. It is essential therefore for all these chiefs to lean upon the support of the French authorities; all the more that, in return for close French supervision in matters of general policy, they are allowed a very free hand in matters of taxation.

As for the urban pashas and caids, they have been drastically purged in recent years of all nationalist elements, and the theoretical right of the Sultan to veto candidates put forward by the Protectorate authorities has in practice been overridden.

There are many reasons, therefore, why the pashas and caids of Morocco should be hostile to a nationalist Sultan and favourable to the French. Even so, it is doubtful how many of them actually were. The only signature publicly appended to the petition demanding the deposition of the Sultan, which was said to have been drawn up by 270 pashas, caids and 'notables' last May, was that of the Glaoui. Six out of the twenty pashas of Morocco are known to have been loyal to the ex-Sultan. Four others are said by some sources to have been so; whilst seven were neutral. As for the caids, only ten are actually known to have supported the Glaoui; and there are in any case as many as 2,000 of them in Morocco. It is doubtful, too, as in 1951, to what extent they acted of their own accord. An eminent French authority on North African affairs has recently stated after his return from an official mission in Morocco that it was French officials at that time who organised the march of the tribes. That they played a large part in the recent crisis is also clear from the fact that it was in a French jeep, accompanied by French officials, that the Glaoui made his final anti-Sultan propaganda tour in southern Morocco.

The conclusion is inescapable. It was the French Protectorate authorities, rather than the Glaoui and his adherents, who really determined the course of events. Certainly the Glaoui timed his rebellion well; for the demand for the deposition of the Sultan came when there was no government in France; and the actual deposition was carried out when France was paralysed by strikes. But it is clear that the chiefs could have done nothing by themselves, and that the rebellion could never have been carried out at all, if it had not been actively encouraged by local French officials who acted independently and even in defiance of official instructions from Paris. These instructions were to respect France's treaty obligations by supporting the authority of the Sultan. They were disobeyed, and it is this which has so deeply and so rightly disturbed both official and public opinion in France, where there is much more criticism and more concern with the whole affair than is commonly realised here. There has indeed been 'a crisis of authority' of a kind unthinkable in a British colony; and to all thinking Frenchmen it is clear that Franco-Moroccan and Moroccan problems alike can never be solved until the French Government comes to terms with its own servants.—*Third Programme*

The Latest Russian Note

By VERNON BARTLETT

ONE argument the Russians in their Note last week did *not* use was that there should be a top-level meeting, although they showed considerable enthusiasm for it when it was first suggested by Sir Winston Churchill last May and when the Americans so obviously did not want it. It is true that the Russian Note was a reply to a specific invitation—an invitation which had been sent to them a month earlier, and which suggested that, instead of discussing the future of Germany in a long series of angry and polemical notes, the Russians should come to Lugano on October 15 to discuss the whole German problem. They were also sending an indirect answer to another invitation, addressed more specifically to their Chinese allies. The Korean armistice provides that a Political Conference shall meet before October 28 to try to find a peaceful settlement for Korea. What about a meeting, also on October 15, in Geneva, San Francisco or Honolulu? Who could refuse an invitation so attractive at this time of year? But, in what I believe is their longest Note since the war, the Russians find no space to mention either of these invitations.

Instead, they return to the kind of argument most likely to delay a conference and to divide the Western powers. They suggest a meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers of the Soviet Union, the United States, France and Great Britain—with the addition of Communist China. The purpose of this meeting is said to be to 'examine measures for reducing tension in international affairs'. But one does not need to be much of an expert to realise that no proposal could do more to increase that tension. Personally, I think the American refusal to recognise the Peking Communist government as the government of China is unwise, but after all they did suffer more than 140,000 casualties at the hands of the Chinese and North Koreans, and we suffered fewer than 5,000. It is quite clear that neither Mr. John Foster Dulles nor any other American Secretary of State would yet be authorised by his people to attend a Council of Foreign Ministers at which the communist government in Peking represented China.

As far as Germany and Austria are concerned, the Russian reply is also negative. It not only ignores the Western suggestion that there should be the meeting in Lugano on October 15, but it seems to suggest that nothing can be done about Germany until this other conference with Communist China has been held. And yet, only a few weeks ago, the Russians were demanding the immediate appointment of an all-German government and were promising an all-German peace treaty in six months' time. But that, of course, was before they knew how the Germans were going to vote.

On one issue only the Russians seem to be on firm ground. For months past, the Western Powers have insisted that the first step towards German unity would be the holding of free elections throughout the country. The vote for Dr. Adenauer in the Federal Republic and the serious anti-Communist riots last June in eastern Germany indicate pretty clearly that such elections would mean that Germany would be reunited on an anti-Communist basis. You can hardly blame the Russians, therefore, if they are reluctant to see elections in Germany which would, in effect, bring the anti-Communists as far east as the

German-Polish frontier. So they replied to this proposal by another. In order, amongst other things, to arrange for the elections, they proposed the immediate formation of a provisional all-German government, knowing quite well when they did so that everybody in the West, and especially the Germans, would object to having anything to do with so discredited a government as that of the Soviet Zone of Germany.

But the Russians can argue that the elections had best be arranged, not by the occupying powers, but by the Germans themselves, and that the governments of each part of Germany must therefore get together to arrange them. I imagine that is one of the points to be studied by the British, American and French officials who will be drafting the reply to the Soviet Note some time this week. It is not immensely important. What is important is that nothing in the Soviet Note shows any readiness to get down to brass tacks to settle the problems of Germany and Austria.

The reason for this is significant. A few years ago it was from the Western side that came the excuses, the arguments for delay. And the reason was that we were then too weak to negotiate on a basis of equality. If the Russians are now unwilling to negotiate about Germany, the reason is doubtless the same. They feel too weak to do so. Since the riots in eastern Germany and the elections in western Germany, it does seem to be in their interest to keep the country divided.

If that is so, what sort of life lies ahead of us? A deadlock in Europe, with the advantages rather on our side. A deadlock in Asia, with the advantages rather on the side of the communists. Or perhaps 'deadlock' is a word for the pessimists; a 'balance of power' is the phrase for the rest of us. And, although a balance is precarious, wobbly, uncertain, the balance of power did keep Europe free of any major war for a good many decades.

I have not the time today to suggest how the balance could be maintained. Or, to be more truthful, I do not know, because the determination of the Germans to be reunited is bound to make peace in Europe a precarious business for several years. But we have achieved, for the time being, a balance of power. As far as I can see, there is no likelihood of war in Europe in the near future; the war in Asia, successfully limited to the one unfortunate country of Korea, has ended for the time being, in a draw; governments on each side of the Iron Curtain now have appalling weapons which they dare not use, except under the greatest possible provocation and in the greatest possible danger.

For these reasons, I am doubtful—reluctantly doubtful—whether Russia is going suddenly to change her policy, even if Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Malenkov do meet and drink each other's healths in whisky or vodka. But also I see no reason why the existing cold war should develop into something worse unless the Marxists should prove right in their belief that the non-communist countries must inevitably quarrel between themselves. And I should like to end by quoting to you one sentence from a speech recently made in New York by Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the new Secretary-General of the United Nations. 'Conflicts', he said, 'are often never resolved, but simply outgrown'.

—From a talk in the Home Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

The Author's Lot

WRITING in a contemporary weekly recently Mr. J. B. Priestley complained that 'the status of the man of letters is sharply declining'. Certainly the lot of the novelist does not seem to be what it was. Sometimes the ordinary reader of novels may wonder if the novelists themselves are not partly to blame for this sad state of affairs. For what choice has he? On the one hand, there are the 'highbrow' novelists who have absorbed and assimilated the techniques invented by Virginia Woolf and James Joyce in the nineteen-twenties, the frank attitude to sex associated with the name of D. H. Lawrence, and sometimes the brooding social concern of Kafka. These novels require a major effort from the reader and occasionally tend to be more depressing than absorbing. On the other side are the 'middlebrow' or popular novelists. Many of them are dissatisfied with the world as it is. They look back nostalgically to the golden age of the middle classes before the war; they miss the butler; they cling to the faithful retainer; they make pitiful little jokes about margarine and weak beer. Detective stories and science fiction of course have a public, but few are likely to fall over themselves to lionise their authors. It is sometimes said that readers are consequently turning from fiction to biography and travel, but though biography is unquestionably popular, fiction seems to retain its normal lead. A recent report by the borough librarian for West Ham states that over fifty per cent. of the readers there read nothing but fiction.

For other readers a wide choice is being provided, as a glance through publishers' lists or our present Book Number will confirm. Hardly a week seems to pass without some study of the great figures of the Victorian or Edwardian age making its appearance: books on Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Henry James have long abounded and others are promised. No doubt that is to be expected; and soon we shall be in a position to feel that little more about the seamier side of the lives of our great-grandfathers is left to be discovered. Evidently there is a steady demand for all this, and modern authors cannot read such books without a twinge of envy. It is quite natural that Mr. Priestley should contrast the high respect paid to men like Ruskin and Carlyle (however queer fish they may have been) with the attitude displayed towards authors in this age of television and ice shows.

But at least there is this to be said on the other side. Books continue to pour from the presses, to be sold in considerable numbers, to earn a living for a large number of persons, and to be read widely, at any rate in libraries. While every publisher likes to find a best seller and must seize it wherever he can, whether in the world of adventure, travel, or Victorian iconoclasm, many of them have a high sense of social responsibility. Books on poetry, that can never, or rarely, pay their way, continue to appear; serious historical works are not published exclusively by the university presses; publishers of repute will accept works by promising authors even when they cannot hope to sell more than a few thousand copies—in marked contrast with American practice. It is perhaps true that the views of modern writers are no longer held in as deep respect as were those of Chesterton and Wells, Bennett and Belloc thirty or forty years ago. But where are their successors? Demand creates supply; but supply too will create demand. Is it too much to hope that the Britain of tomorrow—a much better educated Britain, we may believe, when the Education Act of 1944 has taken full effect, will turn avidly to reading and honour those authors who can write the books a post-Georgian epoch really wants?

What They Are Saying

Poland and the Vatican

THE ARREST of the Primate of Poland, Archbishop Wyszyński, has aroused the strongest protests from Church leaders of all denominations in many countries in the west who, like lay commentators also, have recognised it not only as an assault on a venerated figure but as a new and grave blow in the Communist campaign against religion.

On September 28 Warsaw radio broadcast the announcement of the Archbishop's arrest under the polite formula of 'retirement to a monastery', and saying that the Primate had been banned from continuing his duties because he had carried on a campaign of incitement against the state. The *communiqué*, which claimed that the Government had acted 'in agreement with the episcopate', was followed by an unsigned statement which was alleged to have been issued by the Polish episcopate. (The wording was couched in communist phraseology and closely followed the party line.) On the previous night Warsaw radio broadcast a talk by Henryk Koroćynski. He said:

A week has passed since the trial of Bishop Kaczmarek ended. . . . There must no longer be men in Poland of Bishop Kaczmarek's type—bishop-politicians, who hide behind their priestly robes to engage in anti-state activities and help the organisers of revenge and war. . . . Such proud dignitaries as Primate Wyszyński would like to treat the Republic as their own sovereign state in which they imagine they can rule in their own adventurist way, as during capitalist times. . . . The Vatican residents in Poland, serving alien policy, have tried to incite a struggle with a religious background. . . . There is only one road for the episcopate; the road of implementation of the principles of the church-state agreement and of loyalty to the state.

An editorial in the chief Communist newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*, quoted by Warsaw radio, said that Polish public opinion, 'including all the faithful and wide sections of the clergy', had expected that Archbishop Wyszyński would 'come to his senses'. But, as was known, 'the former leader of the Episcopate' had not only 'refused to revise his attitude', but had even 'done his best to prevent the carrying out of the agreement between the state and Church, to contaminate the atmosphere, to incite against the People's Government and to sponsor schemings directed against Poland'. Fortunately, continued the broadcast, the episcopate had now shown 'full understanding of the necessity of a change of heart towards the People's Government', and, in its declaration, had 'dissociated itself from the pernicious and harmful line of policy of its former leader'. This 'change of heart' meant that it would now be possible to 'eliminate the atmosphere of incitement against the People's Government . . . and of spreading dissension and discord among Poles'.

The Vatican radio compared this latest attack on the Church in Poland with the arrest and condemnation of Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary and Cardinal Stepinac in Yugoslavia. The commentator declared that the sole crime which the Polish Primate had committed was in being loyal to the Church and to the Polish people. A broadcast quoting *Osservatore Romano* said that the enormity of the act committed by the Polish Communists would be apparent to honest people the world over. It added:

The statement alleged to have been made by other Polish Bishops to give them joint responsibility for this act of violence is meant to sow panic among Catholics and insinuate doubts of conscience as well as lack of trust towards their priests.

On September 30 Moscow radio broadcast the text of the Soviet reply to the Western Powers' invitation to a four-power conference on Germany and Austria at Lugano this month. The Note refrained from replying to this invitation; instead, it suggested a five-Power meeting, including Communist China, to discuss measures to reduce international tension, and a four-Power meeting—attended by east and west German representatives—to discuss Germany. The Note was regarded by many western commentators as showing that the Kremlin was not serious in its professed desire for negotiations. From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The Note is, above everything else, another Soviet manoeuvre in its 'operation split'. But the manner is so transparent and clumsy that it must also work to restore and fortify the free world's solidarity.

From France, where many papers expressed disappointment at the Soviet reply, the Independent Left-wing *Combat* was quoted for the view that an indirect result of the Note might be to strengthen the cause of the E.D.C.

Did You Hear That?

THE MOON O'ER MARECHIARO

WITH THE MODERN development of rockets, the whole subject of flights into outer space has become much less fanciful than it was, but in Naples recently a newspaper had its facts mixed up with fiction. It published a news item date-lined West Point, New York State, which said that American scientists had appealed for volunteers ready to be shot off into outer space in stratospheric missiles. Every volunteer would receive an annual pension of \$12,000 and a safe return to earth. Alternatively, in the event of the volunteer's decease, his dependants would receive a handsome pension. The story ended with the hardly surprising sentence 'up to now no one has volunteered'. The BBC's Rome correspondent, CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, described in 'Radio Newsreel' what happened when people had read that news item.

'The Naples paper carrying this was hardly on the streets', he said, 'when first its editor and later the American Consulate began to be inundated with telephone calls. In the poverty-stricken atmosphere of Naples, no opportunity to earn \$12,000 a year can be neglected. There was general discussion at this unique opportunity in the Galleria, the great glass-roofed arcade in the centre of the city, and since practically every Neapolitan song contains some reference to the "moon that climbs o'er Marechiaro", the idea got about that the real destination of the West Point missiles was in fact the moon.

'The American Consulate, which was temporising while it tried to get a check on the item, began to receive the most varied letters. "Take me to the moon by all means", wrote one gentleman: "thus at least I shall be able to ensure a decent future for my three children with the dollars you so kindly offer". A disappointed communist volunteered, saying that he hoped the moon might offer the true brotherhood which he could not find on earth. An impoverished character writing from a public dormitory said: "I am alone upon this earth: I would prefer to leave it for the moon, and I am not joking". There were other letters from amateur astronomers, retired airmen, romantic young ladies, and even poets, one of whom wrote: "On so exquisitely bright a planet, on the moon, inspirer of the sweetest thoughts and fairest sentiments, it cannot but be that there exist kind and welcoming beings. If you engage me and I arrive up there, I shall rejoice rather than regret my decision; my missile will be returned empty". Then came disillusionment: an international news agency announced that the Command of the Military Academy at West Point completely disowned the story. It was conducting no experiments with rockets and had never expressed any desire for volunteers. There was a terrible anti-climax in Naples among the people who had taken the stern decision, and even said farewell to their families. One gentleman, who claims to have said farewell to a good job, is talking sternly about suing somebody'.

'A BLESSED PLACE APART'

In a West of England Home Service talk RALPH WIGHTMAN spoke about Sark. 'I went there', he said, 'last April as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, the Seigneur and Dame of Sark; an unforgettable experience I wish you could all share. Since this is obviously impossible I can only point out that their lovely garden is often open to the public. Sark is only three miles long and a mile and a half wide. It is unbelievably beautiful and hardly seems to belong to this modern

world. No motor cars are allowed on the island, although they do use a few farm tractors. Can you imagine walking down the middle of the main road or crossing the street without looking round? Can you visualise a country without uniformed police or income tax?

'The agriculture is designed to supply the 500 or 600 inhabitants with as much food as possible, but with no industrial form of farming. They keep Guernsey cattle, and Sark is divided into forty farms. These farms cannot be sold without the Seigneur's permission and the payment of a fee of one-thirteenth of the price paid. What is more important is that they cannot be divided. This last clause leads to curious results in so

much that it is difficult for anyone to put up a new permanent house unless he wants a whole farm. May the Dame and Seigneur live long to enjoy their ancient rights and keep Sark as a blessed place apart'.



The Dixcart Valley, Sark

JUNGLE POSTMAN

'Letters in the Indian jungle sometimes have to be delivered to people hundreds of miles from civilisation', said NORAH BURKE in a talk in the Home Service, 'and the jungle postman may sometimes have to face such dangers as man-eating tigers, rogue elephants, floods, forest fires, dacoits, or snakes. The first postal service in India was established nearly 200 years ago by Clive; 150 years later, the Indian Post Office was handling more than 1,000,000,000 things a year. By then, it also had the job of collecting customs charges, running life insurance, and selling quinine. And some of its work today still lies in the wildest parts of the country.

'Most of the so-called roads in the wild parts are nothing but tracks, and have to be travelled on foot. The jungle postman carries the mail in a bundle on a stick over his shoulder, like Dick Whittington's pack. Attached to the top of the stick is a bunch of bells to shoo off any wild animals that may be about. If the postman has no bells, he sings.

The bells and singing are to warn rather

than to scare, because the postman will undoubtedly be travelling barefoot. Bare feet make no noise on dusty paths, and he does not want to startle any animal into attack. Wild creatures—specially tigers and panthers—like to use the jungle paths as much as anybody; but most of them will not hurt man unless they are wounded or frightened, or taken by surprise. Sometimes, however, bells or singing may actually bring the man into danger or cause his death. To a man-eating tiger, for instance, or to an elephant that has turned rogue and kills for the fun of it, or to a sour old bear, the sound is a call. But perhaps the jungle postman's real danger is from snakes. They like to lie out on the dusty path, sunning themselves; and though like other wild creatures, they prefer to slip out of the way rather than face a man, they do cause many deaths.

'Wild animals are not the only danger to the jungle postman. Fire and flood and thieves beset him, too. To cross a river in normal times, the jungle postman relies mostly on fords and stepping stones. Perhaps there is a rough bridge made of stone and bamboo. In the hills it may be a rope bridge. Or perhaps there is a man to ferry him over on a blown-up goat skin. The ferryman lies on the balloon with his feet in the water, and paddles across under human steam. But when the waters really rise, the postman may get held up for days.

'However, most of the postman's journeys are uneventful, and his main concern is to get to the other end. As he jogs along with his

mail, perhaps he is wondering how far he has already travelled. He measures distance not by the mile but by the *kos*. A *kos* is an exceedingly variable measure: it is reckoned by the length of time a green leaf kept in a traveller's hand will take to wither.

AS COLD AS CHARITY

A former steel worker, named George Charity, is sniffing the air up around Hudson Bay these days, said BILL STEVENSON in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'Already, he has felt the chill breath of winter blowing off the Arctic Ocean. Now he waits for some sixth sense to warn him it is time to head south. For Charity is one of North Ontario's bush pilots, his yellow Norseman float-plane is known to miners and prospectors, Indian trappers and Esquimaux for hundreds of miles along the Arctic's edge. Soon, ice will start forming on thousands of lakes that provide him with ready air bases, and that will be the signal for Charity to stay on the ground for several weeks.

'You see, freeze-up is the one time he cannot use either floats or skis on his single-engined monoplane. This gap between autumn and winter is serious for the communities he serves. They are growing fast

and there is a demand for more homes, hospitals, and schools. Thirty years ago such settlements consisted of prospectors and trappers, further south were the miners. These men had two choices of transport, the dog sledge or the aeroplane. The tradition continues: the north stays independent of the train and car. Even in the centre where the mining areas are clustered, pilots of light aircraft fly a vital role. Often in winter they are the sole means of communication. I have seen Charity trying to start his engine in sub-zero temperatures that thrust icy spears down your throat. He would throw a tarpaulin over the frozen engine and slide a small stove underneath. Then he would wait along with passengers and their piled belongings—a toboggan, rifles, provisions for several months in the bush, and, perhaps, yapping Husky dogs.

'Men like Charity possess an almost uncanny ability to smell the weather. Storms in the region blow up with incredible swiftness: a man who does not learn to sense them has no future. Nor will he live long if he lacks resourcefulness. Take Bill Hill, who flew for the Ontario Provincial Air Service. Its forty-five aircraft patrol 100,000,000 acres of forest. Bill Hill was on fire patrol. In earlier days that meant he carried pigeons in special containers. And when he spotted danger he would release one of the pigeons with a message of warning to his base. Today, a radio network blankets Ontario and patrol planes can even direct fire-fighters on the ground with extra powerful loudspeakers. On one particular day Bill crashed and broke his propeller. He had an axe and knives and there was a lumber camp nearby; so he got some oak planks and carved himself a new "prop", using for the laminations a glue boiled out of moose hooves. He flew back to base one week later—and if you do not believe the story you can see the propeller today at a bush pilot's base 800 miles south of the Arctic Circle'.

'FREEMAN'S TOWN'

BRIDGET WASTIE introduced a programme on the Oxfordshire village of Charlbury in the Midland Home Service. 'I came upon this description', she said, 'in a new book on the history of England's towns and villages: "Charlbury—a narrow-streeted town—stone built, between the Parks of Cornbury and Ditchley, but without the open spaces and

grandeur of most near-park towns. Decayed—but has an air. The railway runs by the Evenlode in the valley below. Church—Perpish and dullish". In so far as that puts the tourist off from visiting Charlbury, it is not fair.

'When Oliver Cromwell visited Cornbury, it is recorded he made this remark to his daughter, Bridget: "To be a Seeker is to be the best Sect next to a Finder;—and such a one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end". 'Happy Seeker!—Happy Finder! Whether he was persuading Bridget as a newcomer to the district to explore Charlbury's history I do not know, but as a newcomer myself I do know that I have been a happy seeker—and a particularly happy finder.

'From the townspeople themselves I have collected fascinating facts recorded and handed on from generation to generation. For example, someone told me of John Kibble, Charlbury's venerable old stonemason, who died some eighteen months ago—aged almost ninety. As a labour of love he compiled three booklets crammed with local happenings he remembered and with historical facts about the town where he lived his long and happy life.

'I prowled round the churchyard reading the names on the ancient tombstones and talking to the descendants of those families afterwards.

As a result of all this a tale has emerged that could vie with the history of any town in England.

'First, you must remember that when London was a marsh, Liverpool a fishing village, and Birmingham unheard of, Charlbury was a town—an important small town with freemen's rights. The name Charlbury in fact means: "hill town of free men". This freedom was granted under an ancient charter. In the days of feudal lords, the serf or villein who reached Charlbury and remained unmolested for a year and a day, could tear the damning red patch from off his back and call himself truly—a free man.

'This same freedom exists today, for although, as the new chronicler says, Charlbury lies between two manors, it is independent of either. But Charlbury's history goes beyond feudal times.

'In 653 the Saxon king Penda the younger was converted to Christianity and accordingly he dispersed four Priests Cetti, Addi, Betti, and Diuma to preach the Faith in his kingdom, which included Charlbury. In a list of Saxon burying places it is recorded that: "St. Diuma rests within a place that is called Charlbury nearby a river". St. Diuma was almost certainly responsible for the church in its original form, which would be a low, timber building. But with the passing years Saxon gave way to the Norman with his exquisite skill in stone hewing—and so a more permanent structure arose which has been added to throughout the centuries.

"Perpish and dullish", says this new chronicler of Charlbury church; well, so it may perhaps appear to the casual observer who is unaware of its story.

'The clean-cut plain outward appearance certainly does not compare favourably with—say—the magnificence of Burford Church nearby. Furthermore, the Victorian "restorers" have been at work on the interior. But the high, timbered roof and the ancient corbel heads on the pillars still remain. It was in this building that Anne Downer worshipped. She was the quiet daughter of that oppressed Vicar of Charlbury in the troublous period of England's history between 1643 and 1658. Anne was the first woman brave enough to preach George Fox's Quaker doctrine publicly in the streets of London, and she it was who undertook to distribute far and wide his pamphlet, *The Way of the Kingdom*'.



'Beaver' monoplanes and their pilots on a lake in Algonquin Park—part of a fleet of aircraft, belonging to the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, used for fire patrol

Napoleon at St. Helena

By PIETER GEYL

THERE are few periods in the life of Napoleon that have been so copiously recorded as that of his last years, spent in captivity. There was quite a little group of men (some married), four military officers dignified with high-sounding court titles, doctors, a priest, attendants and servants of varying ranks and varying functions, cooped up with him in the privacy of Longwood. For on that solitary rock of St. Helena, lost in the ocean, thousands of miles from anywhere, Napoleon, with indomitable fortitude and unbreakable will, managed to establish himself the ruler of a little court, completely distinct from the English society of the island. It was a purely illusionist affair, but a desperate reality in the lives of all concerned.

The great pastime of nearly all the more important members of that terribly artificial and secluded little community was keeping diaries. In them they jotted down expressions of their boredom, of their regrets and longings and disappointments. But although they were so completely cut off from the world, which they felt was going on without them and without heeding or caring what had become of them, it was not as if nothing happened in that funny little world of their own.

There were, for one thing, the doings of the master. And if he no longer took decisions that affected the fate of nations, his commands, and even his moods, were important to them. And, besides, there was his talk. Napoleon was a great talker, especially now that talk had to serve as a substitute for action. Reminiscence was its prevailing trend. His life, which had set the scene for all their lives, and for the life of the world, suddenly came to a stop, and, as it were, set before him and them to contemplate, seemed absorbingly interesting. But there was more at St. Helena. There was the never-ceasing feud with the hapless Sir Hudson Lowe, the governor, the jailer, carried on with passionate zest by Napoleon, and no less passionately watched by his companions. And then these had their own jealousies and ambitions, their own rivalries and quarrels, which could at times, in so confined a space, loom maddeningly large.

Lord Rosebery, in his book on Napoleon's captivity, which is still, after more than fifty years, the wisest, the most detached and at the same time sensitive, and the most readable account of that tragi-comic episode, in introducing General Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace (no less!) says that:

Bertrand has one agreeable singularity, he wrote no book, and tells us nothing; which is in itself a pleasant contrast to the copious self-revelation of Gourgaud and Las Cases.

But here we have Bertrand's book to add to the collection, after all. The occasion of my talk is the appearance in English of his journal* for the months of January to May 1821—the final phase, for Napoleon died on May 5 and this is a part only of the enormous mass of notes which Bertrand turns out to have left behind him: the part which was published in France some years ago. Tucked away in a strongbox, and passing from one generation to another of Bertrand's descendants, his

papers were at last, in 1946, discovered by the Secretary General of the Napoleon Institute in Paris.

M. Fleuriot de Langle is one of those *erudits* whom nothing can daunt in the service of their chosen subject. And he needed an almost superhuman determination and perseverance. For the Grand Marshal had made his day-to-day entries not exactly in cipher, like Pepys, but in a kind of stenography, jotting down only the initial letter or letters of most words. The result set to the eager twentieth-century reader

problems which could be solved only by supreme ingenuity, familiarity with the men and the circumstances of the period such as only long and assiduous study can give, and an inexhaustible patience. When the passage which is given in facsimile as a sample of the manuscript is compared with what the editor has printed, one does not doubt the correctness of his completed version, but one marvels that it has been possible to establish it.

M. Fleuriot has been sustained in his labours not only by the self-sacrificing devotion of the antiquarian: in his case this is re-inforced by the enthusiasm of the Napoleon worshipper. How very curious, and how very French! How startling, and at the same time how fitting, how apparently in harmony with the nature of things, to find in M. Fleuriot's preface proof that the race of the Frederic Massons and of the Octave Aubrys has survived not only the horrors which the first, but the catastrophe and humiliation which the second world war brought to France. Napoleon is the incomparable 'Hero', he is 'He'—again the capital letter is called in to express the writer's feelings of awe—'whose countenance posterity is never tired of scrutinising, whose secrets it indefatigably tries to penetrate'. The writer and a friend 'spend a moment of silent meditation in front of the marble shaft and the sarcophagus of porphyry where, with the sun streaming down through the gilded windows, the Emperor reposes in aeternum in his Glory'.

The translator has been a little shy in rendering these effusions. The 'Hero' guarded by his 'Victories' has lost some of its impressiveness in his English because he has balked at the initial capital with which the word victories was adorned in the original, and he has altogether omitted the concluding paragraphs of the introduction. Here the impression of 'the grandiose and of the pathetic', which is said to emanate from Bertrand's unadorned and realistic tale, is likened to 'a sky during a thunderstorm, the ashy colouring suddenly animated when traversed by a shaft of fire which lends an unforgettable set-off to human beings and to things. That purple and gilded ray is the ray of Glory', 'torch of the living, sun of the dead'.

I do not blame the translator—this sort of thing does not go down with an English public nor was it meant for them. I confess that, as for me, while it irritates me and also moves me to ridicule, it delights me at the same time: it is so precious a specimen of a mood and a style which I really believed to have become extinct.

But not the introduction, the journal is what matters. And one can on the whole agree with M. Fleuriot's estimate of its value and of the



Napoleon at St. Helena: from a drawing made there in 1820 by Captain Dodgin of the 66th Regiment
From 'The Exile of St. Helena', by Philippe Gonnard (Heinemann)

* *Napoleon at St. Helena: Memoirs of General Bertrand, January-May, 1821*, deciphered and annotated by Paul Fleuriot de Langle. Translated by Frances Hume (Cassell, 21s.)

quality of its author. From its soberness and matter-of-factness the figure of the selfless and faithful servant comes out unimpaired. It has done Bertrand no harm that we have his book after all. His admiration for Napoleon is of the whole-hearted, unquestioning kind, so much so that he is not tempted to extenuate or to embellish. He is apparently undisturbed by anything the master says or does and he records it as it comes along.

There are not, of course, any startling revelations: we know so much about Napoleon already. But it is fascinating to meet him again, and to be able to listen in to confidences certainly not intended for our ears. It is often a book which he has just read that sets him talking. The arrival of a fresh supply from Europe was an event, and often there were memoirs or histories about himself or the recent past dominated by him. Starting to point out the injustice or inaccuracy of a certain passage, he would be led far beyond the point originally at issue, tell the story of a campaign with a wealth of detail, lay down the law on the politics of the Baltic or on what was to be done for Corsica, or speak his mind with a complete absence of reserve about all his nearest associates: for instance, about Murat, about Bernadotte, about Joseph, his brother.

About Josephine

Most interesting is what he has to say about Josephine. He had loved her, he says, although he had no respect for her. In a book about Josephine the old story had been repeated that she had begged him to spare the life of the Duke of Enghien. Quite untrue, said Napoleon. 'Like everyone else (and I am now quoting Bertrand's report of his words), she wept and said that she had spoken to me about it, whereas in actual fact she never mentioned the matter to me. She took no interest in anyone. . . . She was kind in the sense that she would have asked anyone to lunch, even' (and here he mentioned two notorious women, the Empress's dressmaker, and an actress). 'She gave freely. But would she have gone without something so as to have been able to give? No. Would she have sacrificed anything in order to help someone else? That is real kindness. She gave, but she got it all out of the bag'. She was a congenital liar, he also said. 'The real reason why I married her was because she had got me to believe that she had a large fortune. . . . I found out the truth about her finances before I married her, and in any case the marriage with a woman of a good old French family was an excellent thing for me. I was a Corsican after all'.

There is about all this a downrightness, and also a psychological truth, which are positively staggering. Napoleon often saw the world distorted by his imagination, his fervent ambition made him discount obstacles, his overwhelming egotism made him despise opposition. And yet with that dangerous visionary and subjective quality he allied a piercing perception of facts and a natural hunger for them. So he tore away the veil of romance that covered his first marriage and seemed to revel in the naked and sometimes very ugly truth. He does it coolly, too. One does not feel that he is moved by rancour. It is the past, it does not matter any more, except in so far as facts are always interesting.

Nothing is more amazing in Bertrand's notes than the pages-long record of a close questioning to which the Emperor subjects an English doctor—about his pay, his rank, the respective behaviour of English and French wounded on the battlefield (which cried out loudest?), the efficiency of French methods of surgery compared with English, etc. It is especially amazing because he collected these facts when he had not another fortnight to live, in an interval between attacks of pain and vomiting.

His illness adds poignancy to the whole of this record. Through all these months the eager talker, the cynical commentator on life, the tenacious upholder of his dignity, the kind master (for he could be truly and charmingly kind) was ill, during the last six weeks or so desperately ill. What makes the relentless account of his long-drawn-out agony particularly horrifying is the crass ignorance of his doctors and their insistence that he should eat, that he should take medicines which made him even more wretched, and, down to the very end, that he should submit to treatment which was positive torture.

Once, speaking to Bertrand, the dying man whispered: 'I am glad I have no religious faith. It is a great comfort now. I have no chimerical fears, I am not afraid of the future'. The utterance is in direct conflict with the statement in his will that he died in the Catholic religion; and obviously, although he did accept the services of the priest, this was only for the public. It does not seem to me far-fetched, however, to detect behind the obviously sincere confession to Bertrand the stirring of an uneasy conscience.

How bravely had he proclaimed in his will that he had nothing to reproach himself for in the death of the Duke of Enghien! He repeated now, but also for public consumption, that on the brink of the grave his conscience was clear on that score, that he would do it again. All through his career he had proclaimed the right of the dictator to ensure order, and incidentally his own power, by acts of terror. What did guilt or innocence matter, what did justice matter, when the interest of the state (or of the master) was in question? His conversation at St. Helena was full of reiteration about this very principle, on which his rule had been built. He still spoke with all the accustomed contempt of liberty, of ideology, of theory. He loudly proclaimed that the party wronged was he, that the English oligarchy were murdering him instead of extending generosity to him, who had never been generous to the vanquished. And yet, in the view of death he had to seek comfort in the conviction that his soul would not survive. And why? Apparently because otherwise it might meet its punishment for a career of violence and for the systematic denial of that moral law which he seemed in this last whisper of defiant satisfaction to acknowledge.

The problem of Napoleon's guilt is one on which no fellow human being should lightly pronounce. Pity will creep in on the thoughts of every reader of this story of his last months. And when thus moved, one is almost ready to accept the supra-moral verdict of the Spirit of the Years in Thomas Hardy's great epic drama:

Such men as thou, who wade across the world
To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,
Are in the elemental ages' chart
Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding;
Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire
Because it must.

—Third Programme

The Sailor's Death

This is his death, for now the ship
is foundering and he can hear
the ocean's knell. And it is late.
The trip

is over and the harbour near
at hand is sealed because its fate
is terrible. (Its dead must burn.)
Dark fear

is everywhere and adds a state
of loss to all the borrowed urn
of grief: the sailor drowns. No choice,
no mate,

no company for him. No voice
will bear him up. Nor ship nor friend
will come. Not now. This is the end
of living.

And the stars will mock
his salty mouthful. And the final shock.

DWIGHT SMITH

Presaging

I see you as a child peeling an orange;
What country ripened the fruit is immaterial,
But you narrow eyes to avoid the bitter sweat
That shoots from brilliant pores. You pull apart
The rind, and then the segments, one by one,
And each you slit, or with your nipping teeth
Perforate, cutpurse. Then a nimble tweak
Of thumb and finger: inside out it bursts,
It is a brush of gleaming membranes, splayed,
Startled, blinking in the scathing light:
It hurts, it hurts. But back the sudden teeth
Come cropping. Lusty appetite shears through
Beauty. The bright blood flows, and is delicious.

JOHN HOLMSTROM

'The Passing of Parliament'

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, M.P.

WHEN we say that this is a free and democratic country, what do we mean? We were taught at school that what we mean is that parliament is sovereign. The executive is responsible to a free, democratically elected parliament. No citizen can be deprived of his life, liberty, or property save in accordance with an Act passed by parliament. Parliament makes the law, and the courts, presided over by judges who are independent of parliament, decide on the question of fact whether the citizen has done anything which renders him liable to deprivation of his liberty or property.

Theory and Reality

That is the theory, but it is always important—and never more so than at the present time—to look at reality and see how far what happens corresponds to what is supposed to happen. To what extent is it true that acts of parliament are any longer acts of parliament in any real sense of the phrase? Is the executive really responsible to the legislature? Is it not rather true that the party machines have now acquired so great strength that there is no real question of the legislature controlling the executive? That the votes are merely automatic party votes? And that the real decision what policy the Government should pursue is not taken in parliament at all but taken by the executive before ever it comes to parliament and after consultation with many other interests but with very little consultation with members of parliament, whose support of their party's policy in the House can be taken for granted?

I will come back to these questions, but for the moment I am concerned with Professor Keeton's* answer to the second set of questions. How far is it really true that the citizen can be deprived of his life, liberty, or property only by a decision of the courts? The task that Professor Keeton has set himself—and has most cogently performed—is to show how often today such decisions are taken not by the regular courts but by special administrative tribunals, established by particular ministries to carry out particular policies—how often the citizen is deprived of his liberty or his property not by the courts at all but by one of these tribunals. He gives a number of instances. If a workman claims compensation, his compensation is decided not by the courts but by an Industrial Injuries Commission, appointed by the Minister of National Insurance. If a road haulier wants a licence he argues his case not in the courts but before a Traffic Commissioner. If a scheme of town development threatens a citizen's property, he must defend himself not before the courts but before an inquiry instituted by the Minister of Housing and Local Government. If an allegedly bad farmer is to be evicted from his land, the decision to evict is taken not by the courts on objective evidence but by the local Agricultural Executive Committee and confirmed by the Minister of Agriculture. If there is a dispute about rent the decision is taken not by the courts but by Rent Tribunals. Anyone can continue the list almost indefinitely from his own experience.

Tribunals and Their Drawbacks

Now Professor Keeton is a scholar and no demagogue. It is no part of his argument to maintain that all the gentlemen who sit on these various tribunals are rogues and enemies of the people. He does not deny that there may be plenty of instances where you get both more rapid decisions and cheaper decisions by resort to the tribunals than you would by resort to the courts. But there is this great and ominous difference between the tribunals and the courts: the courts are independent. The whole theory of our constitution is that the judges are solely concerned to decide whether the Government department or the citizen has the law on its or his side. They are not concerned with policy. But the tribunals are the creatures of the relevant ministry—of a ministry which has dedicated itself to the carrying out of a particular policy and which finds a certain citizen as an obstacle to that policy. Professor Keeton, I repeat, is a scholar. It is not his argument

that as a result of these new practices we are living under a total nazi tyranny. It is not his argument that as a result of these practices no justice is ever done. But it is surely one of the most fundamental of all maxims that no man should be a judge in his own cause. It is a maxim which the theory of our constitution with its separation of judiciary and legislature is most careful to observe. It is a maxim which is completely violated by these administrative tribunals.

There are two ways in which these modern developments threaten the traditional liberty of the subject. They threaten them in so far as the tribunal is dependent where the court used to be independent. Thus I came across the other day the case of a bus owner who wanted to run buses to various big towns from an R.A.F. camp which had no convenient rail service. Now the extreme individualist might ask why in a free society anyone who wished to run a bus should not be allowed to run it and to discover for himself whether he could make a profit or not. But the railways say that they have the obligations of the common carrier; the existing bus services say that they are compelled to run many non-profitable services and that it would be unfair if newcomers were allowed to come in indiscriminately and take off the cream. Therefore, it is argued, it is only fair that a new competitor should not be allowed on the roads unless he can obtain a licence and that the licence should be given only if he can show that he is going to perform a service for which there is a public demand and which is not at present being performed by anybody else.

I have no wish at the moment to criticise those arguments, although there obviously is a good deal that could be said about them. I am not challenging the principle of a licensing system. But there is a much more important principle at stake. Is it fair that licensing should rest with the Ministry of Transport who may have, or at least may be suspect of having, a strong reason for keeping in with the existing bus companies? Why should not the citizen have a right to a licence if he can prove before an independent court that he is prepared to perform a public service?

Threats to Liberty

There is a further way in which the power of the public corporations and the obstacles in the way of the ordinary citizen's access to a court are threats to liberty. In the old days, we used to be told that there was one law for the poor and another for the rich. Perhaps it was sometimes true. It is an inevitable difficulty of any system of fines and costs that such payments naturally inconvenience the poor man much more than the rich man. But at least they do inconvenience the rich man to some extent. They do not inconvenience the public corporation at all. Professor Keeton tells us the story of the Yorkshire Electricity Board and the Scarcroft scandal, and he well makes the point that the fining of the Board at the end of it was no punishment at all. A rich man would at least have had to pay the fine out of his own pocket, but the members of the Board did not pay the fine out of their own pockets. All that happens is that they pass it on to the public against whom they have offended, either in the shape of increased prices or in the shape of a larger deficit which the taxpayer has to make good, as the case may be.

Now this principle is of enormous importance in all town-extension schemes. The farmer whose land is threatened by such a proposed extension has a right of objection and the Ministry holds a public inquiry. Well and good. But who pays for the inquiry? The municipality has to pay its costs and the farmer has to pay his costs. But the town clerks do not pay their costs out of their pockets. They have merely to pass the costs on the ratepayer. But the farmer has to pay the costs of defending his own home out of his own pocket. All, therefore, that an ambitious corporation has to do is to force inquiry after inquiry, always finding some excuse for a renewal, which is not very difficult to do, until the farming objectors are driven to bankruptcy and can no longer fight back—and this though it is not a very wicked thing to wish to preserve your own home. Even if it be shown at the end of it all that it is in the public interest that your home be taken

* *The Passing of Parliament*, by G. W. Keeton (Benn, 21s.)

over, you have not done a disgraceful or a criminal thing in putting up a fight for it. But in doing so it is likely enough that you will find yourself not only robbed of your home but robbed of all your wealth into the bargain.

I return to our first set of questions. Why does not parliament put up more of a fight to protect the citizen against these threats? There are, I think, three main reasons. First, it would be an exaggeration to say that parliament has in recent years become a complete rubber stamp but on the other hand it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the parliamentary debate and the parliamentary division have become mere formalities. Back-benchers can still exercise a certain influence over policy when their party is in power, but they exercise that influence not at all by their speeches on the floor of the House, which are no longer important, nor by their votes, which are automatic, but by raising their voices in the private party meeting and convincing their leaders that the party's opinion is opposed to some suggested policy. And on that all I wish to say is whether such a method of bringing influence to bear on Ministers is good or bad, it is at any rate a method the exact opposite of that prescribed by the traditional British constitution. The essence of the British constitution is that the member of parliament is a public man who casts a vote which is on public record. 'This thing was not done in a corner', said the old Puritan. A confidential party meeting in which there is no public record of who said what, followed by a public debate in which the minority out of loyalty to the party votes against its convictions may be party government but it is certainly not parliamentary government. It is influence of a sort but it is the influence of a dying duck. Today it is the parties that decide, as far as anyone decides, not parliament.

And that brings me to my further points. It is to the interest of the parties that these problems of liberty should not be too prominently discussed. Something has indeed been done recently. There have been welcome improvements—relaxation of controls and abolition of identity cards—but these problems can never be tackled fundamentally by the parties for two reasons. The first is that it is the theory of the constitution that the Minister is responsible for policy and that the civil servant is his servant. Therefore, if there is to be criticism in the House of Commons, it is the Minister who must be criticised. If a member of the House says a word against the civil servants, the Minister has only to rise to his feet and say: 'It is I who am responsible for policy.

If you want to attack, attack me'. Loud 'hear, hears!' greet his gallant challenge and the criticising member sinks back, a cad. But that was all very well when the policy really was the Minister's policy and when the civil servant really was his servant. But today the affairs of all government departments are so complicated that only the most remarkable and energetic of Ministers can master them.

The civil servants politely point out to them that the custom of the department is to do this and not to do that, and make it abundantly clear that there will be unending trouble if he does anything else. As a result, all but the most exceptional of Ministers very soon, for the sake of a quiet life, come to accept the departmental tradition and to do as they are told. Yet the parliamentary fiction that the policy is the Minister's policy survives. Its survival effectively prevents any criticism of the real maker of policy.

Secondly, the party system itself militates against the exposure of abuses. Professor Keeton says—and truly enough—that as long as we have a two-party system there is some hope that abuses will be exposed. There is indeed more hope with a two-party system than with a one-party system, but there is not much hope. There is not much hope because, as Professor Keeton truly shows, this steady decline of liberty before the law has not been the work of one political party but a drift of the years. All parties have played their part in it. All parties have their skeletons in their cupboards. Therefore no party is ready to fight for the full rule of law for fear that, if they do so, their opponents will say: 'Why, then, did you do so-and-so seven years ago?' To take an instance, nothing, surely, could be clearer to one who believes in the rule of law than that retrospective legislation is highly undesirable and only to be tolerated under the most exceptional circumstances. Yet, when Mr. Gaitskill introduced retrospective taxation on the Lord-Black payments, there was no full-blooded attack on him from the Conservative benches—not because the principle was at all approved but because the Conservatives had proposed something of the same sort themselves in 1936, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain was Chancellor, and therefore felt themselves vulnerable.

The growth of the administrative tribunal is unfortunately not a party issue in Britain today and, when something is not a party issue, the two-party system is by far the most effective device known to man for preventing it from being discussed. Everyone who raises it is automatically written off as a crank.—*Third Programme*

Thoughts on the Queen's Generation

By JOHN CHRISTIE

I EXPECT many of you in the summer listened to the Sunday-evening series of talks, 'The Queen's Generation'. How various they were! Politics of the future; a new view of the sink; how I composed my poem; life-story of a skating champion, and so on. I could not pretend to trace a single attitude running through them all; and I could not by reading them one after another form a clear impression of a single generation. But it was one I remember very well, the generation at school during the war. In those years, I was head master of an ancient London school; indeed, the first speaker was a pupil of mine. Yes, I have my own picture of those boys, that 'age-group', as we call it now. It was a very small section of it that I knew at close quarters; boys, no girls, and boys from fairly well-to-do homes. But it was a characteristic of that time that this group was much less confined, much less isolated, than it would have been ten years earlier. They rubbed shoulders with the rest of the world, more than their predecessors had.

'Rubbed shoulders' is the right phrase for close contact in air-raid shelters, in learning first aid, in farming, and in the Home Guard during evacuation—not to mention crowded trains and the Food Office! All that, at times, was uncomfortable, though it was education of a very real kind for the war-time generation. But I am forgetting: we are not calling it 'The War-time Generation' but 'The Queen's Generation'. I pondered on that title and what it implies. Here we are, it seems to suggest, nine young persons, all under thirty, and we are contemporaries of the Queen! The Queen—centre of loyalty, symbol of romance, the symbol, too, of unimaginable responsibility. She has a

job, an immensely important and highly lighted job, but still a job, and we have ours. No disrespect intended: on the contrary, admiration and loyalty, all the more because they have a touch of sympathy and understanding. But does not it all suggest something new in our attitude to the monarchy? A healthier, more realistic attitude, I should say, but with no lack of romance or veneration or sense of history. Remember June 2.

Could we easily imagine nine young persons coming forward in 1838, the year following Queen Victoria's accession? A young poet, a young engineer, a young M.P., proclaiming themselves the Queen's generation? How would that have been received at the early Victorian court? Would the young Queen have been amused, or would a secretary, anticipating several decades, have intimated that 'The Queen was not amused'? And if we jump back to her present Majesty's great namesake, so much in our minds today—think of it! 'I am just the age of our gracious Queen', he or she would be saying in 1559, 'just her age, and what a difficult time we live in, and would you like to hear just what I think about it?' I wonder which of her courtiers would have cared to report those talks to the young Gloriana?

Yes, that phrase, 'The Queen's Generation' has a modern ring about it. The sovereign used to stand at the peak of a social pyramid. He was at the top, and it sloped down through the grades of aristocracy, each in theory slightly less grand than the one above, but all of them living in a style far beyond the range of the ordinary man. Many of them kept up a state not very different from Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. But now those intervening stages have gone: no

private citizen, however noble, can afford to live like that. Only the Queen keeps her traditional splendour. And the odd thing is that this does not isolate her from us but brings her nearer. To live in a mansion with legions of servants in what was called semi-royal state is no longer practical politics. Earls open their houses to the tourist, and admirals wash up at the sink. There is not even a pretence that the ideal way to live, if you can afford it, is to live in a palace, like a 'right down, regular, royal queen'. Even the sovereign does it only because her people like to have it so. It symbolises for them not the luxury and splendour of a privileged, leisured, ruling class but an ancient historical tradition. It is the proper setting for a post which, if it brings something in the way of privilege, brings far more in the way of responsibility.

'Through the Same Mill'

Thoughts like these, I believe, were half consciously in the minds of many of us earlier this year, not least in the minds of the Queen's own contemporaries. They had been through the same mill. We are all the product, Queen or commoner, not only of our homes and our teachers, but of our time. This generation had grown up in the war. As it happens, my own generation, too, had been at school in war-time—1914-1918. I think our attitude to that war was different. For us, it had begun on the high heroic note of Rupert Brooke—too heroic to last. Soon there was the more strident note of indignation over the whole thing, a war-weariness and cynical criticism of the Staff or the Government. We were uncomfortable, of course, but in England we were safe. This time, in 1940, we were all in it together.

That earlier school-generation produced, among those who had left, a different outlook in the early nineteen-twenties from the young outlook now. We had heard much of how the first war had shaken us all up. I see now how little it had done to shake many of the assumptions of 1910, but those assumptions were no longer valid for 1920. Some of us then felt we had had a fine education to fit us for a world which had vanished. The young man from the leisured home found it was a colder world for him in 1920. What was he to do? Like the man in the Bible, 'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed'. (But I do not mind doing a little touting.)

The next generation, the boys I taught when I started school-mastering in 1922, caught some of this spirit. I remember the clever ones being cynical about England, about the Empire, and about patriotism. Their fathers meantime complained of restrictions and taxation, grimly quoting Lloyd George's promise of 'a land fit for heroes to live in'. They still expected *some* privileges, and they missed them. Their wives bewailed the servant problem. But the 1939 war really did bring us down to earth, all of us, one class with another, the old with the young. We ceased to expect any privileges and our wives no longer discussed the servant problem because there were no servants at all, not even enough to constitute a problem! Mother cooks, Anne dusts, and father washes up. There is altogether less 'keeping up of appearances'; less appearances and more time for reality.

That is the attitude of the Queen's generation, as I saw it, and they began learning it in their own homes and schools, under war conditions. In evacuation they had had to make the best they could of dilapidated houses, even glazing and plumbing if they could get a lesson or two; they grew more dependent on themselves. Constantly they found men, with far less formal education than their own, to be so much better with a rifle or a hoe or a tractor. Boys will always give their admiration to a master of his craft, and some of them discovered for the first time that the craft of the scythe was comparable with the craft of the cricket bat; and far more useful just then.

You can see the sort of young men that such a training would tend to produce, and I would make bold to say that on the whole it has produced them. At any rate, among the young people of the kind who go up to a university—a larger proportion of the whole than it was formerly. One can see the effect of their war-time training in many directions—in their work, in their holidays, and in their homes. In their work they think less about appearances and more about the interest of the job; less about pecuniary reward, if only because the Chancellor of the Exchequer subtracts so much of it, and more of the satisfaction they find in the work itself. They take this for granted nowadays. A lady like Mrs. Hichens, who gave one of the talks, combines her housework with an exacting job, without feeling she does anything odd or heroic. The engineer who spoke in this series finds his soul in managing a lonely hydro-electric scheme in the Highlands, without a thought of how it may rank for prestige in the world's eye.

In holidays, too, I notice the same sort of thing. When I was young, going abroad was an enterprise that involved preliminary staff-work with hotels, phrase-books, and even private introductions, and you saved up money for it. Today, when I talk to young men, I am struck by the simplicity and boldness of their travelling arrangements. They have hitch-hiked perhaps from Calais to Marseilles, they work their passage on a steamer to Naples, they live for a fortnight in Italy, with what money they have got, seeing far more of the people than we ever did, and they trust to luck for a lift home. This seems to me admirable; and they may be better ambassadors for their country than some of the professional diplomats. They are typical of the Queen's generation. Mr. Anthony Smith who spoke on 'Babylon and Baedeker' was a shining example of this spirit.

At home they live, as I have said, more simply, and when the time comes to set up their own homes, they expect an equal partnership between husband and wife: both may have jobs, both will do the housework. What a long way we have gone from the accepted pattern of social life as seen in the novels of my youth, when the intending suitor was asked by the young lady's father, 'Can you keep my daughter in the secure position to which she has been accustomed?'

The descendants of such young couples today are far less secure. 'Sense of insecurity'—it is a phrase you will find in many modern writers, especially critics: the poetry of today is said to display 'a deep-rooted feeling of insecurity', and that is supposed to be a bad thing. (It certainly makes for rather difficult poetry to one of my age.) But it can be a good thing, too. Many young men earlier in this century, who had received a liberal education, were too secure. Insecurity has been a spur to them to get out into the world and to show what they could do, regardless of the old hierarchy of respectable, or less respectable, professions.

But you will remind me that I am speaking of a minority. For the greater part of our population there has never before been such great security. Security is the watchword of the Welfare State. In so far as that means the banishment of grinding poverty, the mitigation of the haunting anxiety of unemployment, who could call security anything but good? If a man is doing his job well, it is wrong that he should lose his livelihood through no fault of his own. And yet, to feel complete security, to know that your job is safe whatever the standard of the work, whatever the attitude of mind behind it—this may have its dangers, not only in the economic sphere but also in its effects on the spirit of a man in his work and his leisure. We cannot, most of us, choose our work; it is in our freely chosen leisure that our personality most clearly reveals itself. Is it true that the vastly increased sense of security in jobs and livelihoods has bred a spirit of too much security, too little enterprise in leisure and spare-time?

The Queen's generation has seen the first flowering of the Welfare State. For the privileged few of that generation it has meant less security and hence more enterprise and more adventure: a good thing. For the unprivileged many, it may at the present time be bringing too little sense of adventure, too much readiness to take our recreation 'laid on' for us. Every man has the right to some measure of security, some fundamental assurance of safety; but Shakespeare's Hotspur said something true and wise when, being warned that his 'purpose was dangerous', he replied, 'Look you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower safety'.—*Home Service*

The Challenge

I speak, none listens; but I hear
My own voice beating on my ear.
I love, but this wild love that yearns,
Foiled from its goal, in haste returns
And my own bosom burns.
Yet all that haunts me I bestowed.

Faint as a shadow on the road
That leads thro' evening into night
Thou wert, till dreaming made thee bright;
And the rich marvel of thy hair,
'Twas I hid all earth's darkness there:
Would I, then, harm what I have made?
O be no more of me afraid!

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Good Life—III. What Lies Ahead?

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

WHERE do we go from here? That is the question I have set myself; and it arises from the fact that my argument, in these talks, has reached a stalemate. On the one hand, there is the classical view of the good life—the view that the good life involves moderation in all things; on the other there is the view—held by the romantics—that it involves excess. And it seems to me that so far in history these views have alternated. Bored with moderation, people tend to excess—and then, horrified by excess, they go back to classical sobriety, until they can stand that no longer.

Put in these terms, the matter is over simplified, of course; we can only learn about the good life from those who interpret or record it. Well then, on which side of the fence do you put Catullus, for instance, or Villon; Sir Philip Sidney or Conrad? How do you account for the fact that so many writers create the opposite impression to that which they are trying to create—for the inability of three men as different in their ways as Cowper, or Leopardi, or Browning to lead anything like the good life they had planned for themselves; how do you reconcile the contradictions implied in the fact that every writer forms his own opinion about the good life, yet often not only fails to lead it himself but subtly dissuades even his admirers from taking the hints he gives in his writing?

Wilde an Exponent of the Good Life?

The aesthetic theories of Wilde, for instance, have greatly influenced the continent of Europe. If you talk to young people in France, or Germany, or Switzerland, you will find that they generally put Oscar Wilde high among the exponents of the good life; that is because, rather vaguely, they enlist him among the leaders of the anti-Philistine, anti-materialist writers of his time. Is he, then, a classical or a romantic in their eyes? A romantic, presumably, but a romantic held in check by considerations of taste and sense.

To us this appears absurd. We know Wilde's taste to have been variable, and his sense to have been wholly at the mercy of his sensibility. We perceive very clearly the paradox that a writer with so strong a vested interest in the good life should make a total failure of it when he turned from precept to example. In an extreme case like that of Wilde, the paradox is striking; but among less obvious failures in the art of life—Shelley, say, or Swinburne—one may easily be repelled by the emphasis, the inflation, so to speak, with which perfectly honourable romantic precepts are put forward, just as a classical writer like Gibbon very quickly gives one an indigestion of sceptical good sense.

I think it comes to this: that the good life and genius are almost irreconcilable. You may discover a genius for order—a Goethe—but he will be exceedingly rare; for genius is usually a devouring gift which eats right into the bone, so that those who possess it are likely to be at odds with whatever idea of the good life surrounds them: they live only for themselves. That is why the writers who successfully interpret any kind of good life for others are usually writers of the second order—people like Robert Bridges or Supervielle—un-heroic writers whose function it is to reconcile the rest of us to being alive at all.

How are they to do it? By combining two things: the romantic element of active hope and the classical virtue of reluctant belief. If you do not hope, you do not act; if you believe too readily you act too soon. It is not over-optimistic to expect that the good life of the future will be founded on a mixture of caution and clarity in the articles of belief, and keen expectancy in their application.

For if the good life has powerful enemies—silliness, poverty, the instinct of destruction—if these enemies are always on the watch to wreck our civilisation, still we have plenty of grounds for confidence. For one thing, the good life has been prised away, for the first time, from the notion of money. Admittedly it has often been bound up with the idea of simplicity; but just as the poverty of the saints was in part a protest against society so the simplicity aspired to by writers has often been a protest against the life they actually led. 'Mine be

a cot beside the hill', Samuel Rogers wrote, but in fact he lived a busy, social life in St. James's Place. '*Fuir là-bas, fuir*', exclaimed the nineteenth-century romantics again and again. But, like Baudelaire, they could not stand flight when they tried it. Whereas, now, money and the good life can be seen to have no points of contact at all. No reasonable person expects or wishes to return to the Edwardian age; no prophet of the good life founds his aristocracy any more upon the fact of possession—even though possessions are all very well in their way. It is just that having or not having possessions is, for the first time in history, irrelevant to the notion of a good life; they belong to a different compartment of existence.

That means that the good life is beginning to show itself through an attitude of mind rather than a social condition; and here we are lucky to know so much more about the human mind than our forefathers did. It is not necessary to accept as final the conclusions of a Darwin or a Freud, it is not necessary to embrace all that has been said by the philosophers, the anthropologists, and the historians of the past fifty years, in order to see how hot the search has become for practical information about ourselves. We muddle away, no doubt; we misinterpret our dreams; but at least we pick up and examine the clues. I do not see that it very much matters how long the process takes. Just as we ourselves, living today, bear very bravely the miseries of the Wars of the Roses, of the sack of Byzantium and the Black Hole of Calcutta, I do not doubt that our descendants, however few they may be, will sleep little the worse for Passchendaele and Hiroshima.

The good life of the future—on the reasonable supposition that some continuity of civilisation will persist—will therefore have two great advantages: it will be open to anyone, and its attainment will more and more be simply a matter of self-discipline. I do not mean that we must expect a race of George Herberts to arise, limiting their needs to Bemerton Parsonage, and singing the praises of creation in terms of measured passion, but just that we are likely to escape from one very limiting thought: the thought that the good life is inseparable from worldly prosperity—even when it is a reaction against the hampering complications of prosperous living. That sunny, eighteenth-century manor house, its porcelain, the log-fire in the library—such acquisitions will be looked upon as what they are: just very rare and consoling acquisitions which leave the real matter of human life untouched. For the trend of the world is to turn us all into so many separate boxes, carrying within us either our own vision of the good life, or a neutral mixture of envy and wonder, or—at worst—a little of the dust of disappointment loose in a vacancy.

There is a further advantage in this. For if the conventions of a society become so weak that they are no longer felt to be generally binding, the society, as such, soon ceases to exist. That is what happened to the societies of Squire Western, of Colonel Newcome, or the Guermantes. Forms and usages may refuse to die, but the spirit of life which once moulded them turns away towards something new. Now the strength of the good life is that essentially it lies outside all societies; it is no more than the common denominator of sensible and life-loving people. For you will find exponents of the good life among those of every creed and race and kind—so much so that there is a danger of turning the whole theme of my discourse into one of generalised uplift, and asserting that the good life of the future will be lived simply in terms of human kindness, freedom from bigotry, and absence of pride.

'Something More Solid than Intentions'

That, of course, is not good enough. For if these virtues could not freely develop in the unified world of the thirteenth century, why should they flourish better in the fissiparous, the already fragmentary, world of today? No, the good life will have to be sustained on something more solid than intentions—perhaps by the argument which lies behind a passage which I have lately been reading in Iris Origo's life of a poet whose name has already come up in these talks, Leopardi:

A little before he died, Leopardi was sitting one evening on a

balcony with his friend Ranieri, and suddenly he burst out, 'Why is it that Leibniz, Newton, Columbus, Petrarch, Tasso, could all believe in the Catholic Faith, and we cannot find any satisfaction in the Church's doctrines?' 'Of course, it would be better to believe', Ranieri replied, 'but if faith is repugnant to our reason, what fault is it of ours?' 'It was not repugnant', said Leopardi, 'to the reason of those great men'. And then the conversation lapsed, as if Leopardi, unable to reach any conclusion himself, still looked upon his inconclusiveness with melancholy.

Leibniz, Newton, Columbus: a mixed bag—so mixed, indeed, that one is at a loss to understand exactly what Leopardi meant. For what is 'believing' when the believer uses his belief simply as a spring-board for exciting speculations? One begins to think of other names related to quite different allegiances: Socrates, Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Bergson, perhaps. Their faith in each case was different, just because in no case was it repugnant to their reason. And I wonder whether the good life of the future will not depend more and more upon the ability of mankind to reconcile faith and reason. If they all come to the same answer, so much the better; but few things seem less likely to occur. There will be room however, for almost unlimited variations of the good life as soon as it is generally realised that faith without

reason and reason without faith are equally disastrous. Faith without reason leads not only to excesses of private conduct, but to mass persecutions in the name of the ruling gods. From the Carthage of *Salammbô* to Hitler's Germany the same patterns recur each time a tribe abandons reason for blind faith in itself and its totems. Reason has less often been absolute; perhaps only the leaders of the French and the Russian revolutions have contained a preponderance of men who might have claimed that their actions were solely prompted by reason, and the spectacle has not been an encouraging one for the rest of us.

Leopardi's melancholy is far wiser. At least he knew what the keen-eyed men of the past had asserted; he remained, so to speak, in a constant state of dialogue with the past. And so, if the good life of the future is to depend on the effort of individuals to keep a balance between caution and expectancy, between reason and faith, between convention and novelty, we shall have to make a particular effort to understand and to build together the accumulated particles of sense which are already available in the world. For the good life is not an abstraction. It is the means of keeping an ancient civilisation together by forming an invisible community scattered through the world wherever books are read and ideas discussed.—*Home Service*

Memories of Hilaire Belloc

By H. S. MACKINTOSH

IN about 1913 I had been spellbound by hearing Arthur Waugh reading a poem. It was called 'The South Country'. From that moment I hoped that one day I would meet Belloc, but it was not until after the first world war that I did so.

One of my earliest recollections of Belloc is of a dinner at the Cheshire Cheese in the early nineteen-twenties, at which he and G. K. Chesterton were present. I remember looking at him across the table and thinking what a formidable person he was. He looked like an extremely lively bull. We had been singing sailors' songs; and suddenly he leaned forward in an alarming manner and, fixing me with a gimlet eye, said in a high voice: 'Have you been at sea, sir?' I did not know at that time whether this remark was an attack, or if it was his way of making a polite enquiry. It was no more than that, but I certainly felt at sea at that moment.

After that I saw him frequently; and his son, Peter, and J. B. Morton (better known as 'Beachcomber') took me down to his house, King's Land, in the middle of the Sussex weald. It was at King's Land that I got to know his family and many of his friends. I also learned a great deal from him about food and wine. He almost persuaded me to like port, a drink that has never suited me.

I also met him in those days in Fleet Street pubs, and at happy evenings of the unique Invalids' Cricket Club and the now extinct but even more hilarious Drakenberg Society; the happiness of those evenings was largely due to his own high spirits. I think he was particularly amused by the Drakenberg Society. This was an absurd movement founded by a crazy Dane to commemorate a Scandinavian sailor whose only distinction was that he was reputed to have lived to a very remarkable age. In Denmark the society was still-born, but the English branch promoted by Sir John Squire, was a tremendous success. At the inaugural dinner, Belloc arrived late, and, with no idea what it was all about, he was called on to propose the toast of the evening, 'Hans Christian Drakenberg', and, without

troubling to enquire who Drakenberg was, he made one of the best speeches of his life. It was typical of him to rise to such an occasion in such a manner; and it was about this time I began to know what an extraordinary man he was. To me, as to everyone who knew him, he gave an impression of greatness in himself, quite apart from his works.

This brings me to the difficult question—who, or rather *what*, was Hilaire Belloc? Many people, including Belloc himself, have tried to give the answer, and before going further in reminiscence, I will try to contribute my own view to the picture of him. It is almost a truism to say he was a number of men rolled into one. In that magnificent book, *The Four Men*, he modestly allows himself only, 'the Sailor',

'the Poet', 'Grizzlebeard', and 'Myself'. There were many others. He was kaleidoscopic. Sometimes one saw him simply as a difficult, testy man, who fussed about railway timetables, broken teacups, or the setting of clocks, and grumbled about trifles. All at once this impression changed, and one found oneself in the presence of a giant inspired with rare knowledge and incredible vitality—a Homeric, invincible warrior. Then, flick! he was the scornful, pungent satirist, demolishing humbugs with a superb epigram. The next minute he was the tender and lovable friend, the gay companion, entrancing us with brilliant conversation and songs from many times and places (including his own). Poet, singer, scholar, sailor, jongleur, horseman, politician, wit, topographer and Champion of Christendom; remote and sombre, boisterous and delightful, erudite and mordant, but always great. No wonder he was confusing to those who like to label men and their works. There was no end to him. His enemies, and he made many, contented themselves with calling him an assertive and intolerant bigot. I believe it was H. G. Wells who said that to argue with him was like arguing with a hailstorm. I rather think that was good criticism. He could be ruder and more courteous, kinder and yet more pugnacious, than any man I have ever met. But behind all this it seemed to me that there was in



Hilaire Belloc: 1870-1953

him something strange and frightening and unknowable—a fabulous heraldic creature like a unicorn or a hippogriff.

I believe that his work as a whole is still beyond assessment, but as a poet and a master of English prose I suggest that his stature is beyond dispute. He will always have destructive critics: there is never a lack of little dogs to dirty the corners of great houses. But that only happens at street level. The upper storeys of the edifice, which hold the character and thought of a great man, remain unsullied.

Poetry That Is Certain To Live

I cannot here attempt a survey of Belloc's writings, nor indeed am I fitted to do so, but I believe that, of all he wrote, his poetry is most certain to live—and what a range it covered! The clean-cut sonnets, the *Cautionary Tales for Children*, the songs and ballades, the epigrams and the lyrics. One of the lyrics, 'Stanzas Written on Battersea Bridge',* reveals yet another side of him: a deep sadness—too visionary and beautiful to be called pessimism. Here are four of the eleven stanzas.

There is no Pilotry my soul relies on
Whereby to catch beneath my bended hand,
Faint and beloved along the extreme horizon
That unforgotten land.

We shall not round the granite piers and paven
To lie to wharves we know with canvas furled.
My little Boat, we shall not make the haven—
It is not of the world.

Somewhere of English forelands grandly guarded
It stands, but not for exiles, marked and clean;
Oh! not for us. A mist has risen and marred it:—
My youth lies in between.

England, to me that never have malingered,
Nor spoken falsely, nor your flattery used,
Nor even in my rightful garden lingered:—
What have you not refused?

Those last four lines of gentle reproach show how sorely that strong heart could be wounded by the things he loved.

In the years which followed my first meetings with him, he often dined at my house and I at his. With my children, who were young in those days, he was delightful, particularly with my elder daughter, Miranda, who from the age of three used to bring him his tankard of beer when he was with us. When he had taken it, he invariably made her stand on a chair and say, 'Ha, ha, what a fine girl I am'. For her he wrote out, on vellum, the original version of his poem: 'Do you remember an inn, Miranda?', superimposing his subsequent alterations, and sent it with a charming covering letter. This today constitutes my daughter's most treasured possession. And in every letter he wrote to me, he rarely omitted to send his 'dear love to Miranda'. He was a charming but disconcerting guest. One never quite knew what to expect. One sequence of events, however, became almost a constant. Having abjured the telephone at King's Land, he seemed to have an irresistible urge to use it when he came to my house. His first words on arrival were 'May I telephone?' By experience we reserved up to half an hour for this.

When he had finished he seemed exhausted. He would take his sherry and say sadly: 'I shall never sing again, my children, my voice has gone. I shall never sing again'. Then half-way through dinner he would say: 'When I was in the French army we used to sing a song—"Y avait un grenadier du régiment de Flandre . . ."', or some such title; he would then sing it and continue singing at intervals throughout the evening, to the joy of everyone. Later on he would sing also his own beautiful songs ('The Winged Horse', 'Tarantella', 'Ha'nacker Mill', 'The Chaunty of the Nona', 'The Islands', and 'You Wear the Morning like your Dress'). He gave me his own recordings of these, and we never tire of hearing them.

When I, or my wife and I, went to dine with him at King's Land in those days, I remember our trepidation. How could we do justice to the immense meal which awaited us, cooked and served by Belloc's wonderful servant, Edith? At most times he liked several courses of very rich food, particularly jugged hare, and when we had imagined that there was no more to come and were feeling fairly replete, we would find ourselves faced with a surprise course, such as a dozen hot Cornish oysters each, to eat after all that had gone before. Again, after drinking heady wines all through the meal, at least one bottle

of port had to be finished before we went to bed. In due course we found it best to starve throughout the day before tackling these sumptuous repasts. During the meal he would talk on a hundred subjects. On one occasion he delivered an extraordinary lecture on places where the food was bad—a sort of antithesis to a 'Gourmet's Guide'. His tirade was so scathing and vivid that we wondered if we would ever dare to ask him to dine with us again and whether he had only spared us condemnation out of courtesy.

Perhaps the most outstanding of my memories of Belloc are his sixtieth, seventieth, and eightieth birthday parties. One-third of those who were present at his sixtieth birthday party are now dead, but it was a wonderful occasion. Some twenty-four persons were there, and each one made a speech. Each of these speeches was superb in its own way, particularly those by G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Baring, Duff Cooper (now Lord Norwich), A. P. Herbert, and by Belloc himself. It was a joyous party. The seventieth birthday party was not so. By that time he had lost his beloved son, Peter, who died as a result of his war service, and Belloc was already a sick man. But for a brilliant speech by Duff Cooper, the evening would have been a gloomy one. The eightieth birthday party was again a totally different affair. A great many people (my impression is several hundred) came down to his house, King's Land, on a beautiful summer day, and the party went on throughout the afternoon. He greeted everyone with grave Gallic politeness, shaking hands and bowing slightly. He was always punctilious in such matters. But, in a moment when he was not surrounded, he asked testily: 'Who are all these people?' Someone answered: 'Your friends, Mr. Belloc'. 'Nonsense! Who invited them?' 'I think most of them just came, Mr. Belloc'. 'Damn fools! I can't understand what all this fuss is about—it's perfectly normal for a man to be eighty!' In spite of the exhaustion of meeting all these guests, he finished up the evening drinking wine and singing his favourite songs.

Last Meeting

My last visit to him was on March 11 of this year, when, at his invitation, the editor of *The Times*, Sir William Haley, and I went to lunch with him at King's Land. We had heard that Belloc was showing increasing signs of decline and we little expected that the event would be a gay one. The old man was, however, in great form, and before lunch started he was already reciting his own verse and singing his own songs. During lunch he discussed a wide range of topics with us (including wine, California, and M. Thiers) and, though his memory was failing and he became abstracted from time to time, his courtesy never faltered. Both Sir William and I are grateful for the memory of that last pilgrimage.

Of all the obituaries and summings up of Hilaire Belloc, I believe one of the finest was the panegyric preached by Monsignor Ronald Knox at the Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral on August 5 this year. In it Father Knox likens Belloc to a prophet of the Old Testament—still another designation for that amazing man. But, best of all his epitaphs, I like eight of Belloc's own lines, which again reflect him as poet, sailor, horseman, and singer, with his English, French, and Irish blood. They are a little masterpiece of self-description:

Almighty God will surely cry,
'St. Michael! Who is this that stands
With Ireland in his dubious eye,
And Perigord between his hands,
And on his arm the stirrup-thongs
And in his gait the narrow seas,
And in his mouth Burgundian songs
But in his heart the Pyrenees?'

—Third Programme

Among recent publications are the following books: *Modern Europe to 1870 and Contemporary Europe Since 1870*, both by Carlton J. H. Hayes (Macmillan, 40s. each); *Caucasian Battlefields: a History of the Wars on the Turco-Caucasian Border 1828-1921*, by W. E. D. Allen and Paul Muratoff (Cambridge, 70s.); *The Swedenborg Epic: the Life and Works of Emanuel Swedenborg*, by Cyriel O. Sigstedt (Allen and Unwin, 30s.); *Time and Idea: The Theory of History in Giambattista Vico*, by A. Robert Caponigri (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 18s.); *The Origin of Intelligence in the Child*, by Jean Piaget (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.); *After the Deluge: a Study of Communal Psychology*, by Leonard Woolf (Hogarth 2 vols., new edition, Vol. I, 21s. Vol. II, 15s.), and *John Sell Cotman 1782-1842*, by Victor Rinaecker (F. Lewis, seven guineas).

* From *Sonnets and Verse* published by Duckworth

The Traveller Incognito

Some speculations on Karl Baedeker by MICHAEL AYRTON

THE legendary hero must by tradition be remote. Indeed it was the tradition of the Norse saga that only those general facts about the hero which were known to the entire countryside could be revealed by the story teller. The hero must be remote—and he must be splendid and universal. Think of Beowulf, or King Arthur, or Hereward the Wake: godlike men—images conjured from smoky fires to gleam brightly but fitfully as the tale is told, only to vanish again—shrouded by the mists of time—half men, half majestic figments, uncluttered with detail. For legend must never be hampered by detail. Who wants to be certain of the song the sirens sang? It would be dreadful to learn that it was a trite little number which anyone more musical than Odysseus would have dismissed as provincial.

'Endurance, Authority, Singleness of Purpose'

It is in this light that I view Karl Baedeker. I know no more about him than I have derived from the study of his travels and a casual glance at the encyclopaedia. But in Baedeker I have found the qualities of endurance, authority, and singleness of purpose—albeit cloaked in the most impersonal prose—which must have been characteristic of Leif Ericson, of Childe Roland, and of Prester John. And Baedeker, like these heroes, remains for me a being wrapped in mystery. I want it that way. For this reason I dismiss the suggestion that Karl Baedeker is several different people. The same absurd suggestion has been made about Shakespeare and Homer. It hardly bears thinking about. But as a sop to scholars let us review—cursorily—the published biographical facts. Karl Baedeker was born at Essen on November 3, 1801; the son of a publisher. We next find him twenty-six years later at Coblenz and almost at once he gives issue to the first of his great classics—a guide-book to the Rhineland.

Taking as his model the earlier guide-books of John Murray—rather as Shakespeare based his 'Hamlet' on the earlier version of Kydd—he begins his great series of guide-books, writing in many languages and traversing the whole—or almost the whole—civilised world in order to make sight-seeing a civilised occupation for the generations to come, until, in 1859, or such at least is the date given in the encyclopaedia, he died. But did he? I do not believe he can possibly have died in 1859 for he has continued to issue and re-issue editions of his works and may yet continue to do so, for all I know. But one thing is certain. Almost all the Baedekers one ever sees were published between 1897 and 1909. Look at those on your own shelves if you doubt this assertion. 1897 to 1909 is the Golden Age of Baedeker. Those were halcyon years. Nor do the volumes date, except in minor matters of currency and frontier. The process of hiring a piano in Naples does not differ markedly today from the great man's own experience of this troublesome undertaking, fifty years ago.

Reference has been made, and should be made, to the part played by Baedeker's son, young Fritz, in the making of later editions, especially after the business was transferred to Leipzig in 1872. I have no doubt that Fritz was very useful to Karl but I cannot believe that Golden Age Baedekers are the unaided work of Fritz any more than I believe the late pictures of Tintoretto were painted exclusively by his daughter, a Signorina Robusti whose main claim to posthumous recognition is that she wore trousers when at work, an unusual fashion among the ladies of sixteenth-century Venice. No—Fritz or no Fritz, it was Karl who observed with his usual *sang froid* (in the 1898 edition of his *Egypt* in one volume) that 'Europeans as a rule should never enquire after the wives of a Muslim', adding furthermore, that 'intimate acquaintance with Orientals is also to be avoided, disinterested friendship being still rarer in the east than elsewhere'. And it is clearly Karl who saw fit to point out that 'the right hand is alone used in greeting and as much as possible in eating, stroking the beard, and the like, the left hand being reserved for less honourable functions'. I do not see Fritz realising this. I do not feel Fritz would worry.

To the serious student of Baedeker, it is the abrupt parenthetic clause which reveals the man. Into this tiny compass he crams his whole per-

sonality—austere, disillusioned, gallant. 'Europeans', he says, 'as a rule should never enquire after the wives of a Muslim'. 'Stroking the beard and the like' are operations of the right hand. We shall never know the full story. We shall never know the exceptions to the rule, the occasions when one *should* enquire after the wives of a Muslim, nor the other functions of the right hand. But I do not doubt Baedeker learnt these things the hard way. There is a wealth of implied experience behind these simple, cautionary remarks. You can feel the man has lived. And you can sense Baedeker's aristocratic disdain behind the impersonal facade, when he says of the amenities of the Piazza San Marco in Venice that 'peas may be bought for the pigeons from various loungers in the Piazza', and that 'those whose ambitions lean in that direction may have themselves photographed covered with the birds'.

It is this kind of bitter observation that leads one to speculate on the hidden Baedeker. This, and the fact that he always travelled incognito. The reason given for his incognito is that he wished to observe with strict impartiality the service maintained by hotel keepers and tradesmen and the like who might—had they known our hero's identity—have sought his commendation by preferential treatment. But is that the only reason? I wonder.

Occasionally he leaves clues to his identity which may be followed up, as when he maintains that for trips to the Greek interior the traveller should equip himself with a suit of grey tweed—not green or brown but grey tweed; and he goes on to say that for repelling village dogs a long riding whip is effective but less so perhaps than stone throwing. It is my devout hope that I shall one day run across an elderly gentleman, dressed in grey tweeds, throwing stones at dogs in central Greece. I feel that might be Baedeker. On the other hand it might not: it could easily be Fritz. And somehow this seems more likely.

My own picture of Karl incognito derives for some reason from Conan Doyle's *A Scandal in Bohemia*. I do not know why, but I see him in a modified version of the disguise worn by the king (travelling as Count von Kramm), of whom, Watson remarked at the time:

His dress was rich with a richness which would in England be regarded as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat while the deep blue cloak which was thrown over his shoulders was lined with flame-coloured silk and secured at the neck with a brooch consisting of a single flaming beryl. Boots which extended half way up his calves and which were trimmed at the top with rich brown fur completed the impression of barbaric opulence.

'Dr. Benzinger' and 'Mr. Muirhead'

I am not sure I see Baedeker in that cloak, but the rest, I think, fits. Baedeker, of course, did not travel as Count von Kramm as far as I know, but it is my personal belief that he did assume a variety of other names. To Syrians, for instance, he was 'Dr. Immanuel Benzinger' in 1912 (having discarded the soubriquet 'Dr. Albert Socin' as early as 1875), whereas in Canada and the U.S. he was, I believe, a 'Mr. J. F. Muirhead', or at least he was round about 1904. And he also chronicles a number of assistants and aids—apart, of course, from Fritz whom he never mentions—among them such notables as Professor Reinhard Kekulé von Stradonitz, a name of such resounding improbability that I suspect Professor Reinhard Kekulé von Stradonitz of being Baedeker himself (dressed with what in an Englishman might seem a touch of ostentation). I may, of course, be wrong. I may be doing actual people an injustice. After all I am speaking of the 1905 edition of Baedeker's *Greece* when Karl Baedeker must have been 104 years old, so the delegation of some responsibility by this time is hardly remarkable. By 1909, when Baedeker (calling himself J. F. Muirhead) was an active 108, he is frank in giving credit to Professor Clifford H. Moore of Harvard, who visited Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, and California on his behalf. But since the volume in question deals not only with the United States but also with excursions to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Alaska, and since in the absence of

evidence to the contrary, one must assume the old gentleman did most of the hard sightseeing himself, including the excursion to Alaska, myself I feel that Professor Clifford H. Moore had it pretty easy.

But let us return for a moment to Baedeker in his youth. Picture him again in Italy. In Venice he has already made his disdainful remark about people who wish to be photographed covered with pigeons. With that elegant calm which belies his fierce energy, he takes a diligence to Ferrara and thence to Ravenna, remarking with a certain refined *ennui* that the district traversed is monotonous—few villages, many maize fields. 'Lord Byron' he remarks in passing, 'Lord Byron who preferred Ravenna to all other towns in Italy spent two years here. He was influenced in some measure', adds Baedeker negligently, flicking an invisible speck of snuff from the heavy bands of astrakhan on his double-breasted grey tweed coat 'he was influenced in some measure by his intimacy with the Countess Guiccoli—a member of the Gamba family of Ravenna'. One can almost see the world-weary smile, the droop of the heavy eyelids as Karl turns away from Byron and his Countess to consider the monuments of early Christian art with which Ravenna is so liberally endowed.

Of course beneath this sophisticated veneer, a warm romantic heart beats strongly, but there is no doubt that the facade Baedeker likes to present is courteous but aloof. 'Importunate beggars', he says, 'should be dismissed by a gesture of negation. A slight backward movement of the head accompanied by a somewhat contemptuous expression is a sign of refusal well understood in Southern Italy and Sicily'.

Oh, I admit the whole thing is incredible, but legends are incredible. As I said earlier in my talk, my view of Baedeker as a legendary hero makes me hesitant to probe about among the facts. All I know is that it is the height of absurdity to visit a foreign land without the relevant guidebook and you will agree with me that the word guidebook and the word Baedeker are synonymous. Those compact little red volumes are not referred to nowadays as Baedeker's Guide to Northern Turkestan or Baedeker's Handbook for Travellers in Eastern Persia. No—they are simply referred to by one and all as 'Baedeker'. People may laugh at them but the snob who dispenses with Baedeker is much more ignorant as a result than we are. He will not know where to look for the works of art. He will not know that the steam roller was unknown in Austria-Hungary in 1907 nor will he know the rule of the road in Styria, Upper and Lower Austria, Salzburg, Carniola, Croatia, and Hungary as opposed to that pertaining to Littoral, Trieste, Gorizia, Istria, and Dalmatia. He will not know any of that, the poor, silly fellow.

But I think Baedeker's *Northern, Southern, and Central Italy* remain the most invaluable of all Baedekers, the most timeless and the most

immortal of his works. Because Italy is studded with cities and towns almost all of which contain something worth seeing. And that something has usually been there for several hundred years. There are more paintings and sculptures remaining in the places for which they were originally designed in Italy than anywhere else in the world and Baedeker virtually never misses so much as an intarsia, seldom overlooks so much as a fragment of fresco. In countries whose treasures are more centralised in museums, these museums may shift their collections about and Baedeker may have to revise when he gets time, but in Italy all he need take into account is the fluctuation of the lira—and the fact that the Via Umberto Primo is now the Via Presidente F. D. Roosevelt and the Via Vittoria Emmanuele may now be the Via Cavour—or not. Baedeker was no rigid pedant. He quotes on the title page of each volume the following poem—and it shows how open he is to correction.

Go little book, God send thee good passage
And specially let this be thy prayer
Unto them that thee will read or hear
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call
Thee to correct in any part or all.

Nothing could be more modest than that. No, Baedeker is never rude and seldom insistent. He rarely does more than hazard this or that which may add to or detract from the traveller's pleasure and comfort. When he proposes a steamer trip up the Potomac river from Baltimore to Washington he merely suggests that 'the trip is perhaps better made in the reverse direction when the points of historic interest are passed in daylight'. And it is with delicate urbanity that he remarks that Ellis Island is 'one of the most interesting and *suggestive* experiences open to the visitor to New York'. In matters of expenses, passports, couriers, and national characteristics he is mild although there is a sense of the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. Usually a suggestion suffices, an opinion is tactfully offered, information is modestly divulged. 'If possible', he says, 'luggage should never be sent to Italy by goods train...'. At first, strangers are sometimes apt to eat successive quantities of macaroni... Yet again: 'thorough repose is the chief desideratum'. And in the *Canada* he says that 'when sailing to Canada a deck chair which may be purchased at the dock is a luxury which may almost be called a necessary one, and so on—the list is endless. Only on the rarest occasions does Karl Baedeker come out into the open. Only very rarely, the reserves are abandoned, the dignified, the courteous demeanour thrown aside. In one phrase then, our hero will blast the internal administration of an ancient people. 'No attempt', he snarls, teeth bared, 'No attempt should be made to send parcels from Spain'.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Christian Thinking in Nigeria

Sir,—Professor Welch's interesting talk, 'Christian Thinking in Nigeria' (THE LISTENER, October 1), calls for comment as he committed some serious omissions and, to my mind, made certain errors of judgment.

As Professor Welch rightly pointed out, the Church of England is 'the reformed Catholic Church'. I would at this juncture like to remind Mr. Welch that there exists in Nigeria what is the reformed Anglican Church. Indeed it is curious (and I mean no offence) that so much could have been said about this particular Church without actually referring to it by name—I mean 'The African Church Organisation'. This is no obscure sect, its creation has nothing to do with the recent cry for self-rule, rather its history goes back over half a century—which in Nigeria is a long span in recorded history.

The African Church (Bethel) broke away from the Church of England in Nigeria, not so much over any profound differences in worship or doctrine, rather the reasons were much the same as led to the founding of the various national

Churches in Europe independent of Papal domination. There were in Nigeria outstanding differences of opinion as regards social institutions, e.g., marriage, property, etc. Today this reformed Church does not differ essentially from the parent Church, but brought about certain reforms and adaptations in response to African need. It follows the examples of the Anglican Church in a good many of its activities; it has made modest contribution in the field of education, which in Nigeria is generally accepted as the outward signs of missionary success. The Church's weakest point is poor administration and lack of funds, and there have been instances of regrettable indiscipline within the Church, more so than in any of the European missions. But one needs only to remember that this being wholly an African organisation, it suffers certain initial handicaps.

One final word about this Church—it has broken up into two or three sections, one of them styling itself 'Native African Church'. This is because they could not agree among themselves where genuine reforms end and abuses begin.

And this brings me to my second point of comment on Professor Welch's talk. I would hazard a guess that the majority of members of the Anglican Church in Nigeria do not want any spectacular reforms. If you take away the priest's beautiful robes (as Professor Welch seems to suggest) and you dismiss the choir boys from the village churches; if you also make churchmen in the towns sing all the Canticles and anthems in the native tongue; it is not saying too much to suggest that this will have an adverse effect on church attendance.

I am convinced that what most people would like to see in the Anglican Church is a slight modification, to allow for African conditions; they would also welcome increased participation of Nigerians in the administration of the Church.

Let me say at once that I have proud and indissoluble ties with both Churches here in question, and it is a matter of great comfort to me that someone in Professor Welch's position would admit the existence of some common ground between them, even in the matter of reform.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

'WOLE ASABIA

Southern African Music

Sir,—With reference to the remark by Hugh Tracey in his talk, 'Social Aspects of Southern African Music' (THE LISTENER, September 24), that 'Had the common people really disliked the idea of Federation (which I very much doubt), they would have mentioned it in hundreds of songs', I should like to point out that there were many songs being sung in Nyasaland about Federation when I was there earlier this year, some of them overtly and some covertly.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Tracey will not allow his political opinions to influence unduly the good work he is doing for African music.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

MICHAEL SCOTT

The Price of Oil

Sir,—Of course demand for oil is related to its price, and *vice versa*. Consumption of motor spirit in Great Britain declined appreciably last year because of high prices enforced by punitive taxation; the kerosene tractor was born of the price differential between motor spirit and kerosene. Similar instances could be multiplied without effort; it is even possible that in the near future a general decline in oil prices may occur as a result of temporary over-supply.

The purpose of my letter was not, however, to teach Commander Stephen King-Hall elementary economics—that would be both supererogatory and impertinent. It was simply to explain why the re-introduction of Persian crude oil into the world market would not have the effect of reducing prices. The reason for this is not the interrelation of demand, supply, and price, but that the world oil industry would be incapable of absorbing an additional 600,000-700,000 barrels daily of crude oil. Nothing that Mr. King-Hall says has minimised this problem.

I am asked what the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company would do if the Persian Government offered to return their business to them. That question is one which I cannot answer; first, because I am not in the confidence of Sir William Fraser and his colleagues, and because I have no right to speak for them in any way; and, secondly, as Commander King-Hall will doubtless agree, the issue has become political rather than purely economic. If Persian oil is restored to world markets in the near future it will be because Washington is afraid of Communism rather than because the world stands in need of Persian oil, and it will be restored only by cutting down production from other sources.

Commander King-Hall seems to think that my 'mysterious sentence' may include some reference to Persian oil. I spoke in this sentence of 'certain relevant factors in present-day oil economics' which are not given due weight in the world price mechanism. These factors are the virtual self-sufficiency of western Europe in refining capacity; the virtual cessation of oil imports from the United States into Europe; and the difference between European and American patterns of consumption. To these considerations must be added the omnipresent all-pervasive dollar problem. Such criticisms as have been made of the world price structure in the recent past have been made on these grounds.

Yours, etc.,

Carshalton Beeches

BERNARD R. DAVIES

Portraits from Memory

Sir,—It seemed to me that Bertrand Russell extended the scope of his memory portrait of Santayana (THE LISTENER, September 24) to a pretty sizable critique of Santayana's work and general world-outlook. That would have been all right except that Russell is one of our disturbed and unhappy moderns who is not very well qualified to speak perceptively of Santayana. The two men are poles apart, and as a philo-

sopher, the Spaniard is much wiser, deeper, more discriminating, and tougher-rooted than Russell. Santayana could understand Russell, but Russell, with his social and scientific modernity, could not possibly comprehend Santayana whose bent is towards the timeless and unchanging things of the human spirit.

Any reader, or hearer, not already knowing something of Santayana would get a fantastically distorted notion of him from Russell's comments. I should like to point out just two instances—there are many more—of Russell's misapprehension, or putting it differently, of the essential incompatibility of the two minds under discussion.

Although not a believing Catholic, he strongly favoured the Roman Catholic religion in all its political and social ways. He did not see any reason to wish that the populace should believe something true. What he desired for the populace was some myth to which he could give *aesthetic approval*. There is a nasty sting in that 'to which he could give aesthetic approval'. Had it read: 'myth which is touching, hallowed by time, and sustaining to the human heart' it would have been just and correct.

As to the plea for 'something true' for the populace to believe, the Santayana-esque response would be very quick and candid, and to the effect that always and everywhere it is only the very, very few who are interested in something true, or able to take it when they meet it. The great majority prefers half-truths and lies. Better, far better for the mind of the populace to feed on ancient myths than on the misleading modern rubbish found in pulp magazines, meretricious movies, and silly, popular science reviews. Personally, I would add that if Santayana gave his aesthetic approval to a myth you could be sure that it was a rattling good myth. He was an excellent judge of such things—as Toscanini would be of tone, or Matisse of line.

Russell cannot quite appreciate, I think, the many deep and subtle effects of expatriation on a sensitive spirit. The famous little story of Senora Santayana standing off the Boston ladies is exquisitely funny if you know the background. But Russell managed here again to insinuate something negative in his telling of it. Oh, those *fin-de-siècle* Boston ladies—so enlightened, so well-meaning, so Unitarian! They came full of provincial curiosity and good neighbourliness to call on the proud, world-weary, silent Spanish woman, Santayana's mother. With what church would she affiliate? Was she interested in civic welfare? Would she join the Browning Club? The answers were all discouraging. Would she then join the Plato Society? Again, no. Well, what would she do? She answered that in summer she would try to keep cool, and in winter she would try to keep warm. That is the story in its fullness.

'Admiration for this answer prevented Santayana from feeling at home in New England', says Russell. What a cock-eyed comment! How could he feel at home in New England—being a Castilian, an aesthetic Catholic, a contemplative, a born conservative rooted in the oldest and purest traditions of latinity! But he could be amused by his mother's way of dealing with her callers. He was equipped and ready to see *everything* whether funny, touching, significant, or sad in human relations always and everywhere.

Readers and hearers should discover Santayana for themselves. Few in England seem to have done so. If they will begin with the first volume of his autobiography, *Persons and Places*, they will soon see whether, like Russell, they prove allergic to him, incapable of sensing him, or whether, like me, they become addicted to him.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

E. R. HEALEY

Sir,—It seems to me distressingly obvious, from Mr. Denis Browne's letter 'in support of' Bertrand Russell, that he knows next to nothing of Shaw, Pavlov, vegetarianism, or cruelty to animals; and what little he does know is wrong.

Shaw was not worried about animals being slaughtered for his convenience (though he objected to their being slaughtered for food, vivisected in the name of science, and killed for sport), nor did he or any other person of common sense recognise any unavoidable cruelty in the provision of milk and eggs, wool and leather.

It is fantastic to say that Shaw ever swallowed large amounts of animal liver products as part of his treatment for pernicious anaemia. What, in fact, he did get was several injections of liver hormones. I have this on the very best authority. No cruelty to animals was involved.

As for Pavlov, Mr. Browne believes that extreme cruelty can go hand-in-hand with extreme intelligence. I most emphatically disagree, as Shaw did. Resort to cruelty in whatever cause is an indication of intellectual and moral bankruptcy. Had Pavlov been really intelligent, he would have used his head, like Newton, instead of 'groping for cures in the tormented entrails of friendly dogs'.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

Annals of the Parish

Sir,—May I call your attention to a small point in an interesting talk, 'Annals of the Parish' in THE LISTENER of September 24? It is said there that the county of Bedford, in setting up a local record office, was 'one of the two first in the field, in 1924'.

The policy governing this County Record Office was laid down by the late Dr. G. H. Fowler in January 1914. In February 1914 the Committee considered 'Regulations for the admission of students and searchers to the county records'. The first signature in our register of searchers is December, 1915.

Yours, etc.,

County Record Office,
Bedford

JOYCE GODBER
County Archivist

Sir,—Whether he sits in an armchair, surrounded by parish memorials, or scrambles up hillsides, the historian is equally deservingly of the title if he bears in mind the meaning of the Greek *historein*, namely, investigation.

Schoolchildren often wonder what connection Ten-sixty-six and All That can possibly have with the specimens in the Natural 'History' Museum until this is explained.

Sherlock Holmes with his discarding of the irrelevant was in some ways the arch-historian.

Yours, etc.,

Tunstall

N. L. SMITH

Salt of Saltaire

Sir,—I was much interested in Cecil Stewart's talk upon Salt of Saltaire as this remarkable man was related to my grandfather. When Mr. Stewart speaks of his humble birth I doubt if he is quite correct, since Daniel Salt, the father, married Grace, daughter of Isaac Smithies of The Manor House, Morley—which does not suggest poverty. I have often wondered, by the way, whether the Salt family (Weekley gives the origin of the name as Sault) came from Sault in south-east France, a Huguenot district?—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 13

E. A. SPURWAY

P.S.A.?

Sir,—But when will it be audible in Cornwall?

Fowey

C. KINGSLEY WILLIAMS

NEWS DIARY

September 30—October 6

Wednesday, September 30

Annual conference of the Labour Party rejects amendments to policy statement extending nationalisation

Soviet attempt to re-open debate on constitution of Korean Political Conference is defeated in U.N. Political Committee

Governor Earl Warren of California is appointed Chief Justice of the United States

Thursday, October 1

The Labour Party conference approves the Executive's resolution on foreign policy

President Eisenhower intervenes in American dock strike

U.S. Secretary of State and South Korean Prime Minister sign mutual defence treaty in Washington

Friday, October 2

It is announced from Downing Street that Mr. Eden is to resume his duties as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs after his absence owing to illness

Two Chinese prisoners-of-war under Indian guard are killed after a mass riot

Labour Party Conference ends after Mr. Arthur Deakin gives a pledge of continued trade union support

Saturday, October 3

South Korean acting Foreign Minister protests against the action of Indian troops in firing on rioting prisoners

Another informal Anglo-Egyptian meeting on the Canal Zone problem is held in Cairo

Sunday, October 4

Persian Army prosecutor demands death penalty for Dr. Moussadeq

Vice-President of the Yugoslav Government says it is not too late for talks with Italy about Trieste

Ibrahim Abdel Hadi, former Egyptian Prime Minister, is condemned to life imprisonment for treason

Monday, October 5

Brazil, New Zealand and Turkey elected members of U.N. Security Council

Mr. Henry Hopkinson, Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, to visit British Guiana later in the month

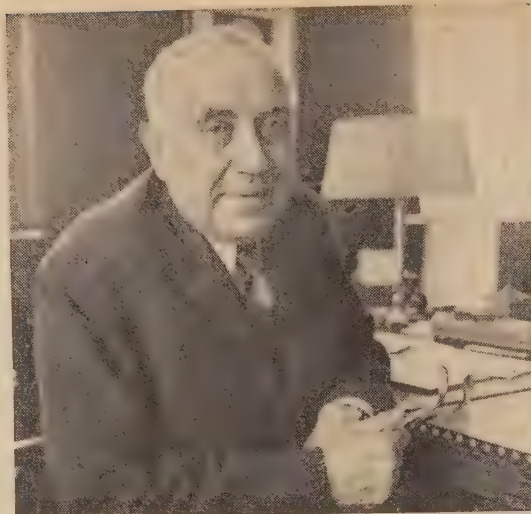
British troops raid two areas in Nairobi

Tuesday, October 6

Mr. Dulles states that the U.S.A. are examining in conjunction with their western allies the possibility of concluding a non-aggression pact with Russia

Demonstrations take place in Seoul against the Indian troops guarding prisoners of war who refuse to go home

6,000 dock workers on unofficial strike in Merseyside



Ernst Reuter, chief burgomaster of Berlin, who died on September 29 at the age of 64. After the first world war (during which he was a prisoner of the Russians) Ernst Reuter returned to Germany as secretary of the German Communist Party, but afterwards resigned and joined the Social Democrats. He was twice sent to concentration camps by the Nazis and was later driven into exile until the end of the second world war. Herr Reuter became chief burgomaster at the time of the Russian blockade of Berlin in 1948

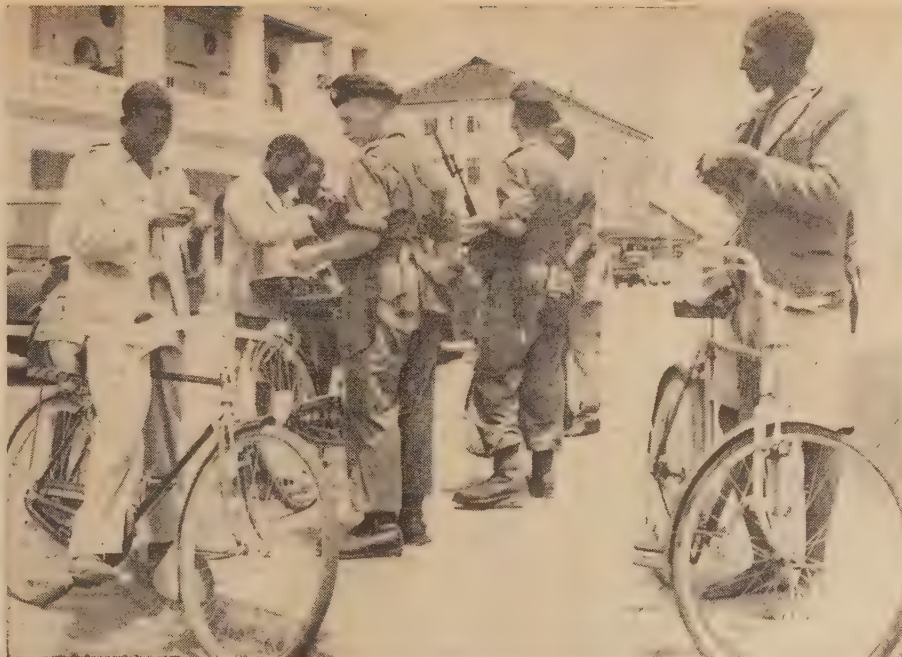
Right: the body of Herr Reuter lying in state in the Schöneberg town hall, Berlin, last week before his burial on October 4. The coffin is draped with the city's flag



Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the Queen's Musick, and one of the leading British composers of his generation, who died in Eire on October 4, at the age of 69. He was a prolific writer of music in many forms: his work included seven symphonies, concertos, choral music, chamber music, and music for films. He was knighted in 1937 and succeeded Sir Walford Davies as Master of the King's Musick in 1942. His last composition was a march played in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth



Right: the French stand in the first International Handicrafts, Homecrafts, and Hobbies Exhibition which was opened by Sir Edmund Hillary at Olympia on October 1



As part of an operation to clear Nairobi of several thousand Kikuyu who are in the city without permission British troops were drafted there last week. They are seen here checking the credentials of African cyclists. (Bicycles have recently become a popular form of transport among Mau Mau terrorists in the city)



Mr. Anthony Eden resumed his duties at the Foreign Office on October 5 after an absence of six months through illness. He is seen outside 10 Downing Street last week



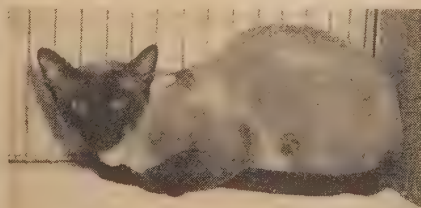
Eric Brown of Great Britain in play against Lloyd Mangrum (the American captain) in the Ryder Cup match at Wentworth, Surrey, on Saturday. Great Britain lost by only one point. Mounted on a sixty-foot tower in the background are the television cameras



Professor Auguste Piccard and his son climbing into a rowing boat from the bathyscaphe 'Trieste' after making a descent of over 10,000 feet under the sea off the west coast of Italy on September 30 — about 3,000 feet deeper than the previous record, held by two French naval officers. They remained submerged for two hours



Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater (right) after his election last week as the new Lord Mayor of London. With him is Sir Rupert de la Bere, the retiring Lord Mayor



'Ayredale Erica', the seal-pointed adult female, made champion of the Siamese Cat Club show in London last week



Provost Skene's house, Aberdeen, which was opened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on September 30. The building is an outstanding example of seventeenth-century Scottish domestic architecture

ERIC LINKLATER

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*To be published October 9th***Many Mansions**

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Autumn Books

The Greatness of Freud

Sigmund Freud: Life and Work. Vol. I. The Young Freud 1856-1900. By Ernest Jones. Hogarth. 27s. 6d.

Reviewed by W. H. AUDEN

TO relate Freud's personality and the experiences of his life to the development of his ideas' is a formidable task but Dr. Jones has proved himself fully equal to it. His book, thank goodness, is a work of love not of idolatry. If, occasionally, the style gets a little 'high-powered', the selection and organisation of the material could not be better done. One does not know which to admire more, Dr. Jones' instinct for the relevant document to quote, or the skill with which he weaves it into his own text. How interesting it is, for example, to be given the actual passage from an essay of Ludwig Börne, written in 1823, which provided Freud with his first hint for free-association (though he could not remember it later):

Take a few sheets of paper and for three days in succession write down without any falsification or hypocrisy everything that comes into your head. Write what you think of yourself, of your women, of the Turkish War, of Goethe, of the Fonk criminal case, of the Last Judgment, of those senior to you in authority—and, when the three days are over, you will be amazed at what novel and startling thoughts have welled up in you.

Even an odd little fact, like Freud's belief in the Earl of Oxford Theory of Shakespeare, or a comic story, like that of how a patient secured Freud his professorial chair by persuading her aunt to sell the Minister of Education a Bücklin he coveted, are always more than just amusing gossip. If the subsequent volumes maintain the standard of this one, Dr. Jones will have written a biography of the first rank.

The present volume covers the first forty-four years of Freud's life up to the publication of *Die Traumdeutung* in 1899; it includes, that is, his marriage, his years as a neurologist, first in the laboratory and then in private practice, his collaborations with Charcot and Breuer in the study of hysterics, his very strange friendship with Fliess, his self-analysis and his formulation of the Oedipus theory.

The artist, scientist, or philosopher, who makes his original discoveries as late in life as Freud, is uncommon, but Freud's case seems almost unique. The usual history of the late developer is one of false starts. He tries one thing after another and makes a mess of them all, till his friends despair of his ever amounting to anything. Freud's 'false start' in neurology, on the other hand, was not only not a failure but very nearly a great triumph. He enjoyed his work, he was highly thought of; he *almost* discovers the neurone theory, he *almost* discovers the anaesthetic use of cocaine: that is, he discovers all the facts necessary to draw the correct conclusion and then, mysteriously, loses interest.

In contrast with the ease and pleasure with which he attacks neurological problems, when he begins his true career as a psychologist he moves slowly and uncertainly: it takes him eight years to abandon all use of electricity and hypnotism and to trust his free-association technique alone; it takes him four years to realise that a child's memories of seduction may be phantasy not fact, although he knew this to be so in the case of adult hysterics, and he never loses a certain nostalgia for the world he has left behind. 'In the summer', he writes to Fliess in 1894, 'I hope to return to my old pursuit and do a little anatomy; after all, that is the only satisfactory thing'; years later, he expresses to Dr. Jones a hope that it will become possible 'to cure hysteria by administering a chemical drug without any psychological treatment'.

Further, every step he takes is accompanied by great psychological distress, attacks of indigestion, 'intellectual paralysis . . . curious states of mind which one's consciousness cannot apprehend: twilight thoughts, a veil over one's mind, scarcely a ray of light here and there'.

Much of this reluctance to enter 'forbidden ground' must, of course, have been due to a normal human fear of discovering unpleasant truths about oneself, but there was, in Freud's case, I believe, a particular historical factor. The great revolutionary step taken by him, one that would make him a very great man still if every one of his theories should turn out to be false, was his decision—I am not perfectly sure that he ever quite realised what he had done—to treat psychological facts as belonging, not to the natural order, to be investigated according to the methodologies of chemistry and biology, but to the historical order.

For a man, piously brought up on the firm rock of the Helmholtz Faith—

No other forces than the common physical and chemical ones are active within the organism. In those cases which cannot be explained by these forces, one has either to find the specific way or form of their action by means of the physical-mathematical method or to assume forces equal in dignity to the chemical-physical forces inherent in matter.

—to take such a step was to enter a ground forbidden, not by conventional prudery but by his God; for the historical world is a horrid place where, instead of nice clean measurable forces, there are messy things like mixed motives, where classes keep overlapping, where what is believed to have happened is as real, as what actually happened, a world, moreover, which cannot be defined by technical terms but only described by analogies.

No wonder Freud was frightened, for the people he was going to outrage were not the general public but the very men whom, intellectually, he most admired; what could anyone who thought of science as physics and chemistry possibly say of *Die Traumdeutung* but 'uncritical minds will be delighted to join in this play with ideas and will end up in complete mysticism . . .'? No wonder that, during the crucial years, his only intellectual companion was a numerological crank.

Freud could hardly have dared or succeeded had he not been endowed by nature with a historian's type of mind rather than an exact scientist's. Dr. Jones says of him:

His great strength, though sometimes also his weakness, was his quite extraordinary respect for the *singular fact* . . . the idea of collecting statistics was quite alien to him. . . . he was apt to be careless and imprecise in his use of technical terms.

One is not surprised to learn that his hobby was collecting antiquities, and it is significant that 'The microscope was his only tool; physiology meant histology to him'; in comparative anatomy he could gratify his historical interest but in a 'safe' way, for there the past and present, e.g. reptiles and mammals, exist side by side, but do not affect each other as they do in history proper.

In devising a therapeutic technique in which the doctor was to say and do as little as possible while the patient worked out his own salvation, in his distaste for 'ruling, educating, curing', Freud accepted the moral consequences of his intellectual position. I say 'I have a toothache', meaning that my aching tooth is something distinct from myself and for which, since I can now do nothing to alter it, I am not



Sigmund Freud, 1891, aged thirty-five
From 'Sigmund Freud: Life and Work'

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responsible. Accordingly, I put myself passively in the hands of my dentist and, when I wake from the gas, the pain and the tooth are gone, but I am still myself. But I do not say 'I have a depression', I say 'I am depressed', meaning that I cannot be cured without becoming a different person, and, whatever help I may seek, I remain responsible for myself. The treatment of the mentally ill by hypnotism, drugs, shocks, or any other method in which the patient is purely passive, is morally revolting in the same way as is the maintenance of social order by the Criminal Courts. It may—after a fashion—work, it may be necessary for the sake of others, but only one's sadism can possibly approve.

I have no idea how many people have been 'cured' by psychoanalysis—I have a suspicion that it demands of a patient a courage and strength of character almost equal to that of its founder, which cannot be very common—but one of the proofs of Freud's greatness is that he as good as said that he didn't care. No one can resist trying to cure by force, no one can allow another his right to himself, even to his misery, who has not learned to love: Dr. Jones' chapters on Freud's courtship and marriage leave one in no doubt where he learned it.

The Penalty is Death

Hanged—and Innocent? By R. T. Paget, Q.C., M.P., and Sydney Silverman, M.P., with epilogue by Christopher Hollis, M.P. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

IT WOULD BE ABSURD if the question whether or not capital punishment for murder should be abolished were to become a matter of party politics. Undoubtedly the modern murder trial, with all the excitement of a life at stake, has taken the place of the Roman gladiatorial games, but the public which votes Labour probably enjoys the newspaper reports as much as does that which votes Conservative. On the other hand, it is unlikely that a Labour voter dislikes the idea of being murdered any less than does a Conservative. It is therefore fortunate that the present book should represent members of both political parties.

The epilogue by Mr. Christopher Hollis presents a powerful argument against capital punishment. All turns, as he says, on whether the death penalty is or is not an effective deterrent. He points out that Great Britain and France are the only European countries west of the Iron Curtain that have retained the death penalty. Thirty-six states in all parts of the world have abolished it, and in not one of them has the abolition led to an increase in the number of murders. After discussing the psychology of murderers he concludes: 'I very much doubt if at the moment of the temptation to kill, the fear of the gallows is much of a deterrent. On the contrary, I agree with Jung that to perverted mentalities it is likely to be an incentive'. He makes the important point that all the excitement which is stirred up by a murder trial has a dangerous effect on society at large which could be avoided if the punishment were 'stern but humdrum'.

The main part of the book consists of an analysis of three recent murder cases in which, according to Mr. Silverman and Mr. Paget, the defendants were wrongfully convicted of murder.

The first case is that of Walter Graham Rowland who was convicted of murdering a prostitute, Olive Balchin, with a hammer in Manchester. After the trial had concluded John Ware, then in prison at Liverpool, confessed to having committed the crime. The Home Secretary appointed Mr. Jolly, K.C., to inquire into the confession, which was later withdrawn, and after hearing evidence he reached the conclusion that the confession was a false one. Mr. Silverman makes the interesting point that four years after Rowland's execution Ware was found guilty but insane of the attempted murder of another woman. This undoubtedly shows that Ware was the type of man who might have committed the murder, but this argument loses weight when we are told that Rowland himself had committed another murder before Olive Balchin was killed. Mr. Silverman concludes that 'what is certain is that no reasonable jury would convict him [Rowland] on the whole evidence as it stands today'. I doubt whether this is so; in spite of the author's fervid arguments I think that there is no question that Rowland was guilty.

The second case is that of Derek Bentley, aged twenty, who, with Christopher Craig, aged sixteen, was found guilty of murdering a policeman while they were committing a robbery. Under the law Craig could not be sentenced to death, but Bentley was hanged. The facts are hardly in dispute. Bentley knew that Craig was carrying a revolver

when they set out on their enterprise. When they were cornered by the police Bentley surrendered without a struggle, but some time thereafter Craig killed one of the officers. The trial judge and the Court of Criminal Appeal held that Bentley was guilty of murder because he had engaged in a joint enterprise which was 'an enterprise in which they were to secure themselves against those who came to apprehend them'. Mr. Paget argues that the joint enterprise came to an end when Bentley 'withdrew his consent to that resistance'. I believe that most lawyers would agree that on this point the four experienced judges were right and Mr. Paget is wrong. He argues that Bentley's responsibility was 'of a highly technical nature', but if two men engage in partnership in an armed robbery it does not matter which one of them fires the gun. Nor does responsibility cease when one of them is arrested. Having been caught, he, of course, hopes that his partner will not shoot, but that cannot excuse him as he has knowingly created a situation which has led directly to the murder of the policeman. Mr. Paget refers with approval to an article in *Picture Post* in which it was said that the state of public emotion at the time of Bentley's execution was 'similar to that which had overtaken the country at the time of Dunkirk and at the time of the King's death'. This must be one of the most foolish remarks ever made on a serious subject.

The third case is that of Timothy John Evans who was convicted of strangling his infant daughter. She was killed so as to hide the fact that her mother had been murdered. As everyone knows, Christie confessed to the mother's murder three years after Evans was hanged. After Christie had confessed, the Home Secretary appointed Mr. Scott Henderson, Q.C., to inquire into the case, and he reported that it is certain that Evans did murder his wife as well as his daughter, and that Christie's confession was false.

This case is a far more difficult one than those of Rowland and Bentley. I think that Mr. Paget is fully justified in his conclusion that no jury, knowing what we do about Christie, would convict Evans today. This does not mean that it is certain that Evans did not kill his wife. On the one hand, if Evans was guilty, there is an incredible series of coincidences, (a) two murderers living in the same house, (b) two murderers committing murders in the same way and then concealing the bodies in a similar manner, (c) Evans, at his trial, charging Christie with having murdered his wife although he could not have known, as we now know, that Christie was a wholesale murderer, (d) Evans leaving his baby's new pram with Christie after selling all his other belongings. This strongly supports Evans' statement that Christie had promised to see that the baby would be properly cared for. On the other hand there seems to be no persuasive explanation why Evans should, in his third confession, have said that he himself had murdered his wife and child.

Mr. Scott Henderson places great emphasis on the details of this confession but they can be explained away: what can hardly be explained is the motive for the confession itself. I do not think that any number of further enquiries will ever succeed in finding an answer which will prove that Evans did or did not kill his wife and child. It is sufficient, however, for those who advocate the abolition of the death penalty to show that there are grave doubts concerning Evans' guilt, because it would be a terrible thing if a man has been hanged for a crime which he may not have committed. In such a case the law would itself be a murderer.

A. L. GOODHART

India on China

Report on Mao's China. By Frank Moraes. Macmillan. 27s.
Window on China. By Raja Hutheesing. Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.

BOTH THESE AUTHORS were in Peking in 1952, Mr. Moraes (editor of *The Times of India*) as a member of an official Indian Cultural Delegation, Mr. Hutheesing as a press correspondent travelling with it; both had been to China before. Mr. Moraes is much the more balanced and good-tempered, and ends with a reasoned defence of India's policy of neutrality; the propagandist thrills are supplied by Mr. Hutheesing; but both give a strong impression of dislike for the China they saw, and express some anxiety about its possible influence in Asia. On the other hand, if you pick out the admissions, they both say a great deal in favour of the Peking Government's reforms.

The idea still lingers that 'Asiatiks' inherently understand each

other, but I suspect most Indians are rather less good than the rest of us at understanding the Chinese. At least, I feel a resistance to all interpretations by Mr. Hutheesing after reading that the Chinese school-children received no love, owing to the Government's drive against the family, and they missed this so sorely that there were tears in their eyes when the Indian visitors picked them up and petted them. 'I knew then what cruelty meant', he says (p. 138). My own children were going to a Chinese school, and they will never be so much petted again. There is also a curious anecdote about a member of the delegation, not named, who decided to call on a foreign professor at Peking University instead of remaining under control of his guides; but 'no one he met would conduct him there', he was warned to return, and afterwards he was 'quietly informed that the university was a restricted area'. Now the other author here, Mr. Moraes, did at that time very kindly call at our house in the university, without the smallest difficulty as we understood. He chiefly wanted to talk about cricket, no doubt by way of coming up for air a bit, and I am afraid we showed great ignorance about that. I remember he also asked if it was safe for my wife to go out alone; we gazed at him with astonishment. Of course both these authors travelled widely in China and saw a great deal more than I did; and much of what they say is of great interest; but it does seem to me reasonable to feel a certain suspicion about their ability to interpret what they saw.

W. EMPSON

Pocket Paragon

A Narrative of My Personal Adventures (Vol. I. 1790-1802).

By Sir William Dillon. Edited by Michael Lewis.

Navy Records Society. 45s.

'THIS NARRATIVE OF DILLON'S is probably the finest naval-social document of his period yet discovered'. Such is Professor Lewis' opinion, and when it is considered that the full span in Dillon's notebooks will extend from before the opening of war with Revolutionary France to the early years of Queen Victoria, it is a notable claim. And yet, there is reason behind it; so much so that although towards the end of the present volume, which closes on a lull in conflict—the time of the brief Peace of Amiens—there are signs that the best of the tale is over, the first 200 pages have conveyed such a picture of the Hanoverian navy, seen from within, as to furnish the backbone of a row of stories.

Dillon's scene opens in 1790, two years before Marryat was born, and the first volume ends four years before the novelist first went to sea: yet Dillon was exactly the sort of officer likely to be found in the pages of *Peter Simple* or *Percival Keene*, generalised a little, yet recognisable enough to be savoured by ship-mates. Dillon was, in fact, so typical of his era as to be almost a caricature—even to modern eyes fantastic. In personality, Dillons are uncommon in any age; in experience they have been impossible for more than a century. The guest at his father's table who said that, at fourteen, he had seen more action and adventure than many living admirals, spoke exact truth.

Dillon joined the navy at the age of nine. Even by then he had been to school in France long enough to speak the language naturally; he had endured at least one seminary in England, and had visited Italy. He was so small that in his first ship the officer of the watch led him by the hand as they paced the deck, and the seamen sometimes took him in their arms to show him the less accessible parts of the structure. By the time he had reached his teens, he was a salted member of Lord Howe's fleet. At the Glorious First of June, where he had his station at the guns, and was slightly wounded; he was still not quite fourteen. He was in the *Defence*, one of the best fought and severely damaged ships in the British line.

Whatever faults he had, Dillon possessed out-size pluck. In his first weeks, minute as he was, he fought a successful weapon-duel with an overgrown bully. And during the four days manoeuvring and brushes which preceded the great June battle, he was generally on deck, greedy for every moment. The night before the climax, he says, 'I selected one of the tubs on the Forecastle, and coiled myself as well as I could inside of it, where I took a snooze, which I enjoyed, and felt more refreshed when awoke by the tars than I should have done had I gone to bed. I felt an elasticity beyond expression'.

Dillon noticed everything: Howe's precision in management of the

fleet; the way the foreigners in the crew were less steady than his own countrymen; he reacted quickly, steeling himself so that although sudden death in action at first seemed unnerving, he soon accustomed himself to such sights as would have sickened the squeamish. Above all, he was bent upon making himself master of his profession. Long before he was twenty he was an experienced lieutenant, with every prospect of quick promotion. Ill-luck befell him, and advancement was delayed, but it was clear that he would be a post-captain before the end of the war.

As for his fellow officers, none was more extraordinary than Gambier, the captain of the *Defence*, Dillon's constant patron, and soon to win a peerage. Known as 'Preaching Jemmy', Gambier's conduct of his ship was, as Professor Lewis says, a tragi-comedy: it was run like a mission-house. The men sulked; the officers were not allowed to swear at them; the captain was himself an indifferent seaman—yet in action all was transformed. Lord Howe himself remarked how nobly Gambier took his ship into battle: afterwards the fleet treated her people with a new respect: 'You were not at prayers on the first of June', they said with an admiring laugh.

Dillon served at St. Helena, in the West Indies, Ireland, and in home waters. He was often at loggerheads with his captains but seldom, so it seems, in youthful scrapes, and only once drunk—at fifteen. He was a pompous character, always in the right, always conscious of his social status, humourless, diligent, and undoubtedly a fine, brave seaman. In these pages he recalls his own valour without reserve but without exaggeration.

A modern reader may well reflect that it is a mercy today's serviceman is spared most of Dillon's trials and hazards. He will set out on his journey of discovery impressed by the sheer weight of events, action, and people in the narrative. He will probably conclude not only that Professor Lewis is right in his assessment of the value of the material he edits, but that there could be few more revealing records in existence of the growth of a person who became the nearest thing in life to the conventional hero of old-style maritime fiction.

OLIVER WARNER

A New Voice for Culture

Encounter. Edited by Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol.
Secker and Warburg. Monthly 2s. 6d.

A NEW PERIODICAL stirs hope in the most jaded. Even when the first number is not sensational, there is the promise of eleven more within the year; and perhaps they will contain the new vision that the eager consumer of periodicals seeks on the first of each month. The first number contains only material which the editor could whip up from his friends; the unknown genius may appear later on. *Encounter* costs half a crown. It is spaciouly printed on good paper with some admirable photographs; and it contains eighty pages (rather diluted with advertisements). The words Literature, Arts, Politics, are printed in smaller letters under the title. They define the interests which *Encounter* will presumably serve. Literature has the best run in this first number. This is not surprising: literature is what men write for pleasure, before they know that there is an editor waiting for them. There is a brilliant political article on the Rosenbergs. But not much about the arts, except a picture of a Hindu temple and an article about contemporary Soviet music, which is more political than musical.

It is common to run these three together in periodicals nowadays, but do they really lie comfortably in the same bed? Literature is the real thing: what the printed word is for. It does not need to be fiction, though there are two very good short stories by a Japanese who killed himself; quite as good as Henry Green. The literary articles exist in their own right. Arts are a different matter. They cannot appear themselves in periodical print, except as photographic reproductions. What appears is criticism of the arts, not the arts themselves; and this emphasis on criticism often spreads over on to the literary side. As for politics, these are neither artistic nor literary, except by accident. And a literary magazine which claims to cover politics, usually caters for literary men who have an itch to dabble in political activity. This time it may work out all right, but the union is not as simple as is often supposed.

Encounter is evidently committed to this trio by its high mission. It is sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom; and prints the

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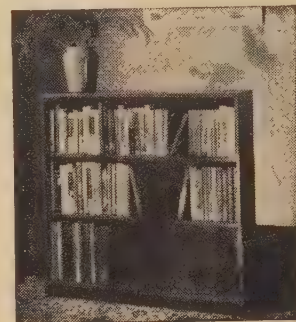
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names of five honorary Chairmen on the title-page. All five are philosophers in a now out-moded sense. That is, they all pontificate about man's duty and his place in society. One of them is also a brilliant writer, but this is an accident. His name is Bertrand Russell. The unreadable four it is unnecessary to name. All five, and the Congress for Cultural Freedom too, are impeccably high-minded. The editors tell us that two things brought them together: 'a love of liberty and a respect for that part of human endeavour that goes by the name of culture'. Certainly they love the one and respect the other, as they have done for a very long time. But it is difficult to resist the suspicion that the practical impulse which brought them together was anti-communism. The article on the Rosenbergs is anti-communist, though not that alone. The articles on music and science and two out of the four book reviews are anti-communist. They are all full of good sense. But is the theme worth so much trouble? Communists will not read *Encounter*, still less will they be shaken by it. Do the rest of us need saving so desperately from this particular enemy of culture? Communism may still be an intellectual movement in the United States, though even this seems doubtful. It is dying in Europe and has never been seriously alive in this country. We have quite different enemies of cultural freedom here. Good taste, for example. There is no article in the present number which will provoke any reader to burn it or even to throw it indignantly into the waste-paper basket. None of the articles is politically subversive; none will be condemned by a magistrate even in Douglas, Isle of Man. All are safe reading for children.

Most of them are written by the elderly and the established. The most interesting gives selections from the diary of Virginia Woolf; these deal with Thomas Hardy and Arnold Bennett. Christopher Isherwood contributes a portrait of Ernst Toller. In comparison quite a recent figure—he died only fourteen years ago. The poems are by Dr. Edith Sitwell and Professor Day Lewis. The culture, whose freedom we are defending, is genuine, but it seems to have been going for a very long time, and it is getting a little thin on the top. Perhaps future numbers will find for us writers who cannot remember the first world war and were unknown before the second.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Fallen Idol

Douglas Fairbanks: the Fourth Musketeer

By Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks.

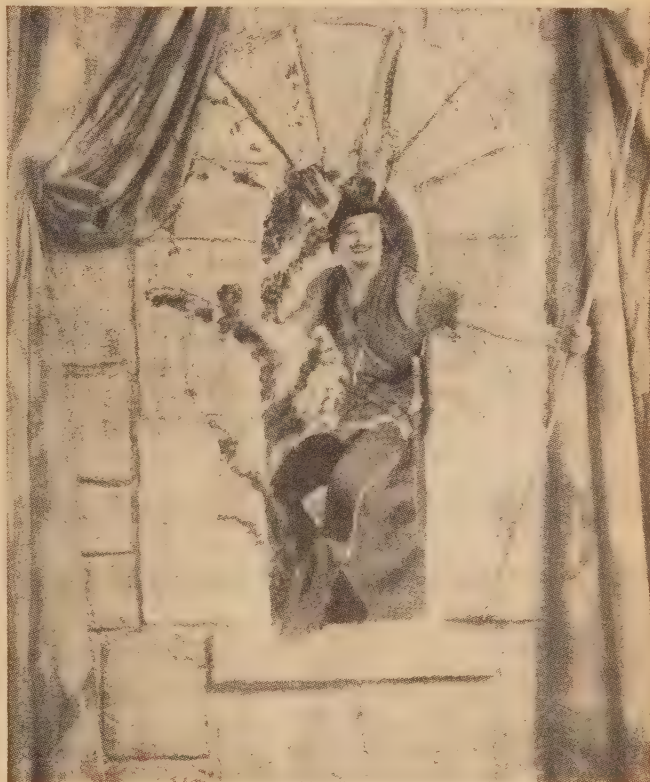
Peter Davies. 15s.

POSSIBLY NOWHERE OUTSIDE the Reading Room of the British Museum are copies available still of the several books written by Douglas Fairbanks at a time when he was a legendary figure in cinema mythology. In view of what subsequently came to pass they make strangely pathetic reading. They show their author to have been a master of the pat *cliché* and copy-book maxim ('When I was eight years old I promised my mother I would never touch liquor') beloved of scout masters and big-business executives concerned for the welfare of the staff. So popular was Fairbanks in his heyday that the following description of him appears as an introduction to one of these books: 'He is what every American might be, ought to be, and frequently is *not*'. In fact he symbolised his era by portraying on the screen the breezy, go-getting American who never made of his life anything but a success-story; later he went in for picaresque roles of the Robin Hood and d'Artagnan type.

All his performances (devoid of genuine acting ability) were athletic, acrobatic, and distinguished by perfect timing. He preferred sliding down banisters to using stairs, and never crossed a room on foot if he could make his way by swinging from one chandelier to the next. Schoolboys worshipped his prowess (he refused to fake his stunts) and the middle-aged came away from his films with their umbrellas changed into flashing rapiers, filled with a mad desire to scale the nearest wall. His eternal Cheshire-cat grin set the fashion for baring teeth in front of a camera that has persisted until the present day. But of his harmless, exhilarating, and wholesome influence, little now remains. From that moment (in 1930) when Edward G. Robinson started a cycle of tough underworld pictures with 'Little Caesar', and started, too, the glorification by Hollywood of a belief in the power of force over ideals, Fairbanks' popularity dwindled. Realistic pictures in which was reflected the mind of a cynical generation left little room for the

romantic hero, whose rapier was quickly replaced by the gangster's knife.

From a psychological point of view alone, the career of any film star who, equipped with a perpetually adolescent mind, earns world-wide fame, must have a certain interest for the reader; unless, as so often happens, only his virtues are insisted upon. But here the authors have drawn a full-sized portrait. Nothing is hidden of the unfortunate episodes, often the result of an uneven and jealous temperament, which changed Fairbanks from the idol of millions of youngsters into a world-weary, somewhat dissipated man, clinging to the legend of his lost youth



Robin Hood

From 'Douglas Fairbanks: the Fourth Musketeer'

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The Private Dining-Room. By Ogden Nash. Dent. 8s. 6d.

ANYBODY SETTING OUT to compile an anthology of today's light verse in English would do well to examine the works of Ogden Nash, and anybody who wants a nice fresh book of facetiae, suitable for an invalid, had better ask for *The Private Dining-Room*. Memorably funny at his best, Mr. Nash seems, like many a more pretentious versifier, a little too easily pleased with his own fluency. Some of his pieces, which may have looked well in the *Saturday Evening Post* or *The New Yorker*, hardly stand the strain of being collected, at least on this side of the Atlantic, where they may seem too locally or topically American. There are even instances where a title is better than what follows it—for example, 'You can't take it with you, but look what happens when you leave it behind'. And the tricks, the dotty puns,



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and the playing upon words tail off too often into puerile distortions.

Carping apart, the new book provides plenty of playful ingenuities, as when the author puts into the mouth of Kipling's Mrs. Hauksbee's *amah* the words '*Plus ça change, plus c'est la memsahib*', or when, in a saddened protest against tipping, he observes that

the girl with the tray of cigarettes expects the Taj Mahal
And not a small Mahal either, but a large Mahal.

Here are such good American jokes as the allusion to a troupe of 'T.V. personality girls' as Community Chests; and it seems inevitable, with the diminishing of sobriety in the private dining-room, that

Miss Rafferty in taffeta
Grew definitely raffisher,
Miss Cavendish in lavender
Grew less and less stand-offisher.

Mr. Nash now presents himself as middle-aged, with a slippered philosophy to match; as a domesticated family-man, tolerant of the womenfolk who rule him, seeing more clearly than before the silliness of the young and the tiresomeness of the old, cheerfully exasperated by many things and people, but finding on the whole that 'Middle-aged life is merry, and I love to lead it'. Domesticity, however, has often caused here too tame a choice of subject-matter for so effervescent a fancy. That fancy finds scope in American interpretations of European myths. Ophelia is presented as a bobbysoxer writing to the adviser on social problems in a newspaper for help in her quandary:

I got a twenty-five waist and a thirty-five bust,
And I am going with a chap whose folks are very upper-crust . . .
Just when I think he's going to disrobe me with his eyes,
He gets up off the davenport and sighs.

There is a pleasant account of reading Mrs. Humphry Ward while listening to a baseball game, and there is a series of fables, the farthest-fetched of which envisages Zeus having run out of impersonations and wondering how to seduce Leda. On being introduced to him she mistakes his name for Proust, and tells him how much she admires *Swann's Way* . . . Zeus Pater, by the way, is not to be confused with Walter Pater,

Who flourished later,
I don't even know if Walter Pater had a wife,
But I bet he never poured into a lady's room disguised as a shower
of gold in his life.

Like Hood, with whom he has affinities, Mr. Nash can utter reminders of mortality. If he does not relax too easily into the comfort of being middle-aged, perhaps he may achieve more often the macabre and epigrammatic point of his brief dialogue between Death and an undertaker, which ends

Thank you for my bulging, verdant acre,
Said the Undertaker to the Overtaker.
Move in, move under, said the Overtaker.

WILLIAM PLOMER

A Book On Ants

Ants. By Derek Wragge Morley.

Collins: 'New Naturalist Books'. 18s.

THE SCIENTIST REVIEWING a book purporting to popularise a scientific subject is in a far stronger position than the literary critic similarly confronted, for the value of the book must be related more to scientific than to literary achievement; nevertheless it sometimes happens that the literary critic will review in glowing terms a piece of work which to a specialist in the subject concerned is anathema: Mr. Morley's *Ants* is a case in point.

Since the vast majority of the readers of such books are not in a position to consult the scientific reviews before purchase, many publishers retain an editorial board, one of whose functions is, so one believes, to scrutinise the manuscripts of potential authors. In this function the editorial board of the 'New Naturalist' books has until now achieved success, but the appearance of this volume on ants has created circumstances which defy reasonable explanation, and many readers will wonder how it came to publication in its present state. For sheer wealth and weight of errors it surely has no modern equal. To the reader not

versed in entomology the very number of errors of a proof-reading nature must cause dismay, but to the entomologist the apparent lack of fundamental knowledge and the carelessness evident on almost every page will come as a substantial shock. The editors' claim that the book provides a 'practical key to the Identification of the British Ants' is nonsense and could have been made only by the most singularly misinformed, for the key is based largely upon characters long since discredited, while the author's concept of classification is archaic in the extreme. The outlines, for one hesitates to call them drawings, which are used to illustrate the key have been described elsewhere as of 'unsurpassed crudity' and this is no overstatement. They are at times grossly inaccurate (as in figs. K 17 and 33), at others completely misleading (figs. K 1, 9, 28, 79, 80, 95, 103, etc.) and not infrequently ludicrous. The illustrations in the general text are of a higher quality, the majority being copied from other published works (though not always acknowledged as such), yet even here inaccuracies occur; for example, one of the largest drawings in the book claims to be of an ant-mimicking spider 'after Wasmann', but Wasmann's photograph from which this drawing has been made is not of a spider at all but of a beetle. The maps used to illustrate distribution within the British Isles would be of more use if they were up to date, and two of them which show very different types of distribution have been transposed. As for the absurd English names invented for the occasion the less said the better, and the reader will very soon discover that the author has become entangled in his own web and uses the same name for different species and a variety of names for a single species.

The bulk of the book consists of chapters on Ants in the Garden, the Growth of the Ant and its Anatomy, the Ants of Britain, Experimenting with Ants, Ant Guests, Collecting Ants, and an Epilogue on ant phylogeny; appendices list ants under their new English names, deal with Internal and External Anatomy and discuss Ant Monstrosities. Almost every page has its complement of errors; particularly reprehensible, and exemplifying the general standard of the book, is fig. 3 on page 22 which shows the naked and the enclosed pupa of a Formicine ant above a legend naming it a Myrmicine ant. To anyone who has studied ants for a fraction of the time the author claims such a mistake should be beyond the bounds of possibility, since apart from being a gross biological mis-statement (for the pupae of Myrmicine ants are not enclosed in cocoons despite the author's statement to the contrary), it is like confusing a cat with a dog.

The fifteen plates are excellent though somewhat irrelevant and the bibliography listing works of thirty-six authors is more remarkable for its omissions than its inclusions.

I. H. H. YARROW

Forgotten People

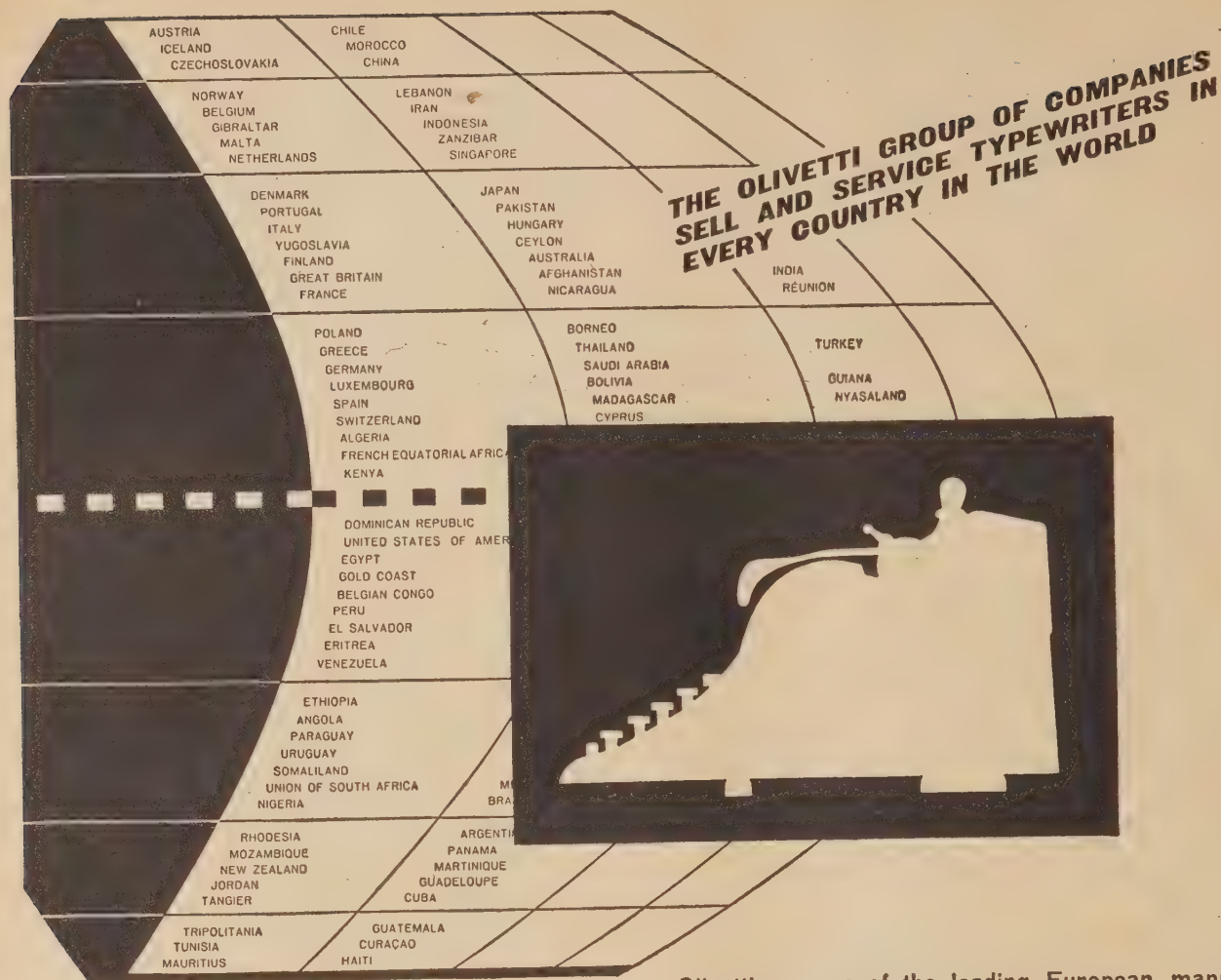
The Sikhs. By Khushwant Singh.

Allen and Unwin. 16s.

FEW IN NUMBERS, the Sikhs have nevertheless played an astonishing role in history. They founded a Faith which, on the merits of its mystical literature alone, ranks among mankind's noblest. They created a monarchy which, in the 1820s and '30s, ruled the entire area from the Sutlej to the Khyber, bringing formidable Pathan tribes beneath its non-Islamic sway. Some have suggested that, had the Sikh State arisen sooner, and directed its energies eastwards rather than westwards, it might have foiled the eventual complete British overlordship of the Indian sub-continent.

In modern times Sikhs have proved enterprising traders and travellers. You may find them—hardy, cheerful and self-reliant—in Vancouver or Auckland, Suva, London or Hongkong. And they are very picturesque, owing to their beards and turbans—ordained by their religion—their massive physique, and their successful use of boldly clashing colours. The Sikhs' annual festivals in the Punjab, attended by great crowds bedecked in rustic finery, have an aesthetic quality that almost stuns.

Yet the average westerner knows very little about their origins, culture or beliefs. Even so eminent a modern interpreter of the non-Christian creeds as Aldous Huxley overlooks the Sikh Faith; the index to his *Perennial Philosophy* lacks any mention of it. No British historians or translators later than Cunningham and Macauliffe have undertaken comprehensive Sikh studies. The appearance therefore of a work such as this, purporting to bring the community's political and cultural



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history fully up to date, and written moreover by a Sikh, should be an event.

The author can write; admirably lucid, forceful prose is in places used, and he assembles much interesting information not readily available before. For this reason the book becomes a necessary work of reference. The chapters on the Founding of the Faith, the Sikh Religion, the later nineteenth-century reformist movements, and the Ghadr rebellion in relation to Marxism are particularly valuable. But the text is marred by excessively many misprints, petty inconsistencies, and needless semi-contradictions between paragraph and paragraph. Even the spelling of such famous Sikh shrines as Tarn-Taran or Nankana Sahib—the Founder's birthplace—fluctuates. The great Sikh ruler Ranjit Singh transforms himself at a chapter's start into Manjit Singh—the error hideously magnified by an initial capital letter half an inch high. We oscillate between 'Nao Nihal' and 'Naonihal', between 'Babbars', 'Babas' and 'Babars', between 'Shergil' and 'Shergill', between 'Farukhsiyar' and 'Farukhsyyar'—and so on.

Nor are all the blemishes petty. Factual mis-statements of some magnitude occur—for example that the Sikhs were 'in no way connected with' the appalling Calcutta riot of August 1946—the riot which set going a whole succession elsewhere, rendering the Partition of the old India inevitable. And the author is sometimes sweepingly oracular. At the outset he asserts without qualification (p. 7) that 'By the end of the century, the Sikhs themselves will have passed into oblivion'. Present evidence does rather point that way. But it is surely too soon to say, only six years after the new independent India was born, and at a moment when Andhra is separating controversially from Madras, that 'abatement of separatist tendencies' (p. 185) must cause the Sikhs to become totally re-Hinduised. They have now had four centuries of distinctive existence; and on the author's own showing have several times come near to extinction, only to rise again.

Independent India has indeed so far proved much more efficiently unified and cohesive than many British officials who left in 1947 disparagingly forecast. But her social structure remains almost unaltered; brown upper-middle-class rulers have replaced white ones; there has been no revolution. It is reasonable still to wonder whether the present cohesion and efficiency is not in fact largely a British legacy, the departing kindness of an often rather unkind and graceless Raj; and to speculate on the totally novel stresses which may develop when the existing generation of Indian politicians and officials, nurtured in British ways of thought or government, has disappeared.

IAN STEPHENS

A Prospect of Figures

Humanities. By Desmond MacCarthy. Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.

FROM THE INFORMED sensibility of what Desmond MacCarthy called his 'ruminating mind' emerges a prospect of lit figures, many-faceted, seen from the often opposite angles of those who have described them, integrated by the ruminating mind. 'Luminous' seems the adjective: less sharply brilliant or scintillating than with a lit breadth, a tranquil surface broken into a run of waves by the depth of charged, experienced sensibility behind it. 'I do not flatter myself', he says, 'that, except occasionally in a phrase, my own prose has any aesthetic quality'. What holds his interest is less his style than his subject; actually, his style is a nearly perfect instrument. He has admirable phrases, born sometimes of impatience and dissent, as 'the fuddled conjectures of second-rate intellects rejoicing in, and flourishing upon, the present imprecision of psychoanalytical terminology'; much oftener of humane understanding, as 'De Quincey in pain is the creator of tragic illimitable visions of despair, and by contrast, of harmonies of peace so fresh and tender that they breathe the soul of convalescence. But De Quincey happy provides an exhibition of arch pedantic skittishness'—a quality peculiarly repugnant to taste.

Most of these reprinted essays deal with these elusive, questionable figures who have been so variously assessed by their own contemporaries and by ours. Here is Leigh Hunt, coming pretty well out of it; less Byron's Hunt of Hunt's kraal than Carlyle's 'most interesting, pitiable, lovable man, to be used kindly but with discretion'. Shelley has more argument and defence; these are reviews, a book is up for appraisal, as well as its subject; the criticism must be on two levels. The *ad hoc* element which reviews must contain disrupts sometimes the urbanity

of the considered long-term view. The immediate stimulus was perhaps essential; one a little regrets the critical synthesis that would have informed a more integrated, less assembled, book. Attention is occasionally diverted from appreciation of a past figure to remonstrance with a contemporary:

If men like Mr. Bennett do not stop to notice in Leslie Stephen the ponderable merits of intellect, integrity and thoroughness, our culture is in a bad way.

True: but the fine edge of criticism that delights us in the biographical and literary essays here becomes a blunter instrument. Yet how good is the appraisal of d'Annunzio and of the easy melodrama of *La Città Morta*, with its dishing up in modern form of the Atridean passions that obtained in Mycenae: 'Let, then, the fury of their dead passions blow with their dust about the world and infect people. It is a wonderful idea? Yes, but it is also rather childish'. Childish, flamboyant, and a touch vulgar: but with vulgarity, if it responds to greatness ('the important thing is to respond to greatness when we meet it'), he could come to terms, as he does with Dickens and Balzac in his comments on Aldous Huxley's *Vulgarity in Literature*. Of Dickens: 'You must take him as a whole, as he is, without any of the literary virtues of either the scholar, gentleman, or tragic artist. . . . And if you take him as a whole, his gush becomes unimportant'. Of Balzac: 'such a huge massive creature, gross and enormous and creative'—we can wonder at and enjoy him in spite of everything. Poe, however, is another matter from these great florid monsters; his vulgarity was that of second-rateness; it evoked from his critic a brilliant parody of the opening of an unwritten Poe poem on the rape of Persephone. The response to greatness may be flamboyant excess, but not feeble garrulity.

On the opposite verge of taste to floridity and garrulity was another thing at which he looked askance—what seemed to him awkward and wilful obscurity:

The injunction to take rhetoric and wring its neck has been followed by modern poets with disastrous results. Rhetoric is the necessary bedding out of which the magic flowers of the purest poetry often grow. . . . In prose too the moderns fight shy of rhetoric. The result is that, although there has been no age in which decent prose was commoner, in the finest kind of prose we are poor. There is no greatness of mind . . . we excel only in the intimate and ironical and the purely descriptive.

He never—perhaps to his particular generation of a particular culture, rich, traditional, classical, it was too alien—came quite to terms with the modern idiom. But to look through these profoundly intellectual and aesthetic assessments that occasion struck out of a richly ornamented mind and cultivated sensibility is to wish still more for a long, consecutive correlation of the writer's response to literature, to him the supreme world of greatness and of pleasure, the sun among the crowd of pleasurable bright planets that decorated his various firmament.

ROSE MACAULAY

Paradise Lost

Rum Jungle. By Alan Moorehead. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

TO ACQUIRE THE SECRET of writing in such a manner that the reader is literally unable to put it down—is not this the highest ambition of every journalist, and a very laudable ambition too? To have your work accepted for serial publication in *The New Yorker*, generally regarded as the most exigent purchaser in the whole profession, is in the opinion of many a higher ambition still. This is the modern periphrastic way of saying that Mr. Moorehead has an extraordinary literary gift, and has written an extremely readable book; but besides that he really has something to say. With dramatic colour and economy of phrase he tells, from his own life, the familiar story of the Australian who does not wish to live in Australia. He describes vividly the easy, uninteresting life, the basically puritanical culture of the City of Melbourne where he grew up, the dramatic moment when he first saw France and decided that Europe was his real home.

But it is also revealing that, like so many people who live in Melbourne, he had not the faintest idea what Queensland and the Northern Territory were like, the new, exciting, largely unpopulated, tropical part of Australia. So it was with enthusiasm that Mr. Moorehead accepted an assignment to travel through these lands, to a final



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point of pilgrimage at the new uranium mines in a place which bears the appetising name of Rum Jungle. His account of places and people has a truth and vividness which puts other travel books in the shade. And about time too; Australia, or at any rate the Northern part of it, is almost 'terra incognita' to travellers and to travel-book readers.

How many people have said, from time to time, that the only thing they really desire is to possess a tropical island in the Pacific, where all the fruit and vegetables they need spring up in their garden with a minimum of effort on their part, where they can keep all the livestock and catch all the fish they want, where it scarcely ever rains, where no clothes are needed and hardly any shelter? But they would probably be disconcerted if one offered to obtain such an island for them. Yet there are literally hundreds of such islands off the Queensland coast, absolute paradises of natural beauty, most of them uninhabited: many of them have been inhabited and then abandoned. Mr. Moorehead's account of his journeys among the islands is perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most disillusioning, part of his book. It serves as a parable to illustrate man's expulsion from an earthly paradise in the time of Adam and Eve. People who come to the islands in search of quiet and beauty, with few exceptions, find their time and energies consumed in fatuous bickering with their distant neighbours. A natural diet of fish and fruit, and a home built of rough timber and palm branches turn out to be not at all what was wanted. Life in fact is found to be a fierce struggle to obtain the supposed inessentials of civilisation—motor launches and tobacco and beer and Sunday newspapers and schools for children.

Other readers may be more interested in the Australian social structure. When the author was a young man in Melbourne 'the taxi driver or the waiter in the hotel was just as good as his client, possibly a good deal better. He would never have called him "sir". On the other hand, in those days, he would never have taken a tip either'.

With this as his starting point, Mr. Moorehead gives a very interesting account of social developments in modern Australia, culminating in a tragedy which occurred on Hayman Island in 1952. A wealthy hotel company built an expensive de-luxe hotel there (the present reviewer had tried very hard to persuade the company, even in their own interest, that it would not pay). Holiday makers from cheap hotels on neighbouring islands used to come over in motor launches and ask for drinks at the bar, until eventually the manager refused them admission—a most un-Australian state of affairs, one might say. But the result was a fracas on the quay, in which one man was killed and one permanently injured. And after this, the management decided to 'de-luxuriate' the hotel, and brought its charges down to the ordinary Australian level; and it was a big financial success.

COLIN CLARK

Soviet Diplomacy

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy, Vol. III.

Edited by Jane Degras. Oxford. 42s.

WITH THE PRESENT VOLUME the Chatham House series of *Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy*, selected and edited by Mrs. Jane Degras, is completed. Mrs. Degras has done her best to make the selection as representative as it can be within the space available. Her translation of the texts is, generally, both accurate and fluent. The present volume is up to the high standard of its predecessors, and the whole set is indispensable to the student of international affairs. No comparable collection of documents, covering Soviet diplomatic activity over the

whole period from 1917 till 1941, exists in any language including the Russian.

The first volume covered the years from 1917 to 1924; the second 1925-1932; and the third contains the documentation for the years 1933-1941. This chronological division is justified on historical grounds. Each of these three periods had its distinctive characteristics, and in each a different trend dominated Soviet policy.

Between 1917 and 1924 it was largely civil war and foreign intervention that dictated Soviet policy, which was still inspired by the Leninist hope for imminent revolution in Europe, although even then

Bolsheviks did not spurn 'business-like' agreements with bourgeois governments. The subsequent years, up to Hitler's rise to power, form the classical period of Stalinistic isolationism. The west abandoned the hope for the overthrow of the Soviet regime by force; and Soviet Russia was reluctant to stake her present and future on the overthrow of capitalism abroad. West and east, labouring under the consequences of the first world war and shaken by economic and political convulsions, were virtually disarmed and inclined to settle their immediate differences on the basis of 'peaceful coexistence'.

Hitler's rise destroyed the prerequisites for this state of affairs. As Soviet diplomacy grew aware of this, it began to seek re-insurance against the threat from Germany. The choice was between an anti-nazi alliance with the powers of the west and a policy of placating the Third Reich and accepting for Russia the role of its part-accomplice. The present volume shows Stalin's diplomacy trying out both these policies and failing in both.

The story falls naturally into two parts, the first relating Litvinov's search for the anti-nazi alliance, a search defeated at Munich; and the second culminating in the Nazi-Soviet pact and ending with the Nazi invasion of Russia. In both these phases 'world revolution' was almost absent from the calculations of the Soviet policy makers. Stalin's diplomacy spoke and acted as conventionally as its revolutionary origin permitted. This emerges strikingly from a comparison between this and the first volume of the series. In Vol. I there is hardly a page which does not convey to the reader the hot breath of the 'heroic period' of Bolshevism, its *élan*, its world-embracing hopes and illusions, and its challenging revolutionary style. In the volume under review Soviet diplomacy appears exclusively as the sober purveyor of alliances and pacts; and its representatives try hard to keep up to standards of League of Nations' respectability, and to overcome the hostility or distrust of its prospective partners. It has since become customary to contrast this 'realistic' period of Soviet diplomacy with the 'quixotic, revolutionary follies' of the Leninist era. But as one reflects over the texts of Litvinov's appeals for collective security and of Molotov's 'friendly' messages to Ribbentrop one cannot help wondering whether either Litvinov or Molotov was really one whit more 'realistic' than was, for instance, Trotsky when, from the conference table at Brest Litovsk, he called upon the German working class to rise against the Kaiser. They were certainly not one whit more successful.

There are different degrees of realism, of course. Against the background of the Geneva of the middle and late 1930s, Litvinov's stature does indeed appear very impressive—he is almost the Bolshevik Gulliver in the Metropolis of Lilliput. He had a relentlessly clear perception of the danger threatening the world from the Third Reich, and an equally clear foresight of the consequences of western timidity, muddle-headedness, and appeasement. The very insistence of his warnings to the west, when they are now re-read, must gain him new, posthumous respect. Even his style, free neither from crudity nor from circumlocution, is refreshingly direct, unconventional and witty in comparison with the evasive, cliché-ridden, and complacent language of Geneva. His style, of course, is also infinitely superior to that of his successors,



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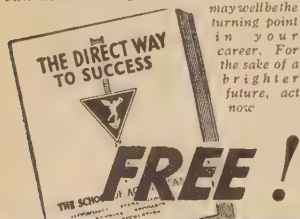


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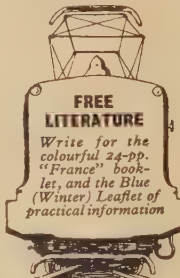
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Yet Litvinov was by no means an independent statesman. He was not even one of the more cultivated minds among the old Bolsheviks. His strength lay in the straightforwardness and clarity of the cause he pleaded. In the atmosphere of the cold war, when western opinion is growing dangerously self-righteous about both the present and the past of the West's relationship with Russia, it can do no harm to be reminded of this chapter of recent diplomatic history.

The Nazi-Soviet pact reduced Soviet diplomacy to repulsive cynicism and extreme hypocrisy, from which it was never to recover completely till the end of Stalin's days. In the volume under review the years 1939 to 1941 are less well documented than the Litvinov era. The process by which Russo-German 'friendship' gradually deteriorated and the tensions accumulated which led to war is less adequately reflected in these pages than it might have been. So crucial an event as Molotov's visit to Berlin in November 1940, the event after which Hitler resolved to attack Russia, and Stalin's last minute attempts to placate Hitler do not come to life in this selection. Such gaps were perhaps inevitable, and they do not detract from the immense usefulness of Mrs. Degras' work.

To the student of international affairs these three volumes are of greater value than the whole, growing avalanche of recent literature on Soviet foreign policy. And the student will look forward to the complementary collection of documents on Comintern policy, promised by Chatham House.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

Light on a Dark Play

Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure.' By Mary Lascelles.
Athlone Press. 15s.

THE MOST INTERESTING CHARACTER in a Shakespeare play is always William Shakespeare. He is, in 'Measure for Measure', so interesting and mysterious that we find his conduct bewildering. 'There is perhaps', for Samuel Johnson, 'not one of Shakespeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its Authour, and the unskilfulness of its Editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription'.

There seem to be five conflict-themes in the play: Appearance and Reality (Being and Seeming), Justice and Mercy, Life and Death, Theory and Practice, and Man's power over his fellow-men. These themes display themselves as much in such matters as imagery, word-play and general texture as in the prime unfolding of the plot. Subsidiary themes are interlinked with the main ones—disguise and un-muffling, knowing oneself, testing, what happens if you take an adequate fish out of its accustomed water (prigs under temptation), the *video meliora* conflict of Ovid and St. Paul, and, tied particularly to the fifth theme, the matter of bawds and sexual depravity.

When I read or see 'Measure for Measure' I feel that all these matters were obsessing Shakespeare and that he has written it, not to give his settled answers to problems, but because he is still in the process of finding the answers and is writing the play in order to find them. Most readers and hearers admire and dislike the play. There are few characters in it with whom we can identify ourselves; the cast is composed almost entirely of prigs and procurers. Some problems, as the play is one of enquiry rather than of statement, are worked out less fully than others; some asked questions are simply not answered; there are some mysteriousnesses which the author seems not to have worried about.

The Duke, for instance. Why does he abrogate his power at all? Why is he such an indomitable liar? Why does he go about dressed as a friar, hearing confessions? Why does he gradually divulge his knowledge of so many faults in Angelo's make-up? Why is he happy to join Angelo, Claudio, Isabel and Mariana in equating himself with the pimps of the Overdone underworld by procuring Mariana for Angelo? He cannot be doing all these things simply because he is one 'that above all strifes, Contended especially to know himself' and wants to see 'If power change purpose: what our Seemers be'. Are we happy about the marriage of the Duke to one who desired the cloister? Are we happy that Angelo should have been, though not in actuality, in salt imagination a fornicator? Why, again (Johnson's worry), is the mean-

ing of many single sentences as obscure as the message of the entire play? And why oh why is Shakespeare so zealous about this imperfect thing that he occasionally blazes into poetry of a power and a beauty that is unsurpassed even in his greater plays?

Some satisfy themselves by merely labelling this a Problem Play. The term might sound less null and stupid if they offered us a list of Shakespeare's Unproblem Plays—or any other dramatist's. Others, like Dr. Dover Wilson, burke the difficulties by putting up a textual smoke-screen. The play was all right once, but enemies have got at it, mauled it around, cut it about and handed it over to a ham-fisted prose reviser to make an unskilful job of reassembling Humpty-Dumpty. Dr. Wilson seems to admire Shakespeare so much that he hates admitting that he ever fell below perfection. If Dr. Wilson had been with me to see Joe Louis knocked out by Max Schmeling and, some weeks later, knocking out Jack Sharkey, I can't doubt that he would have maintained that the man we saw in the earlier fight was not Louis at all but a prose reviser.

Miss Lascelles gives what the publishers (could they not be satisfied with a smaller shield on the spine of the book and must the book smell that way?) merrily call 'a long and reflective analysis of the play's successive phases', supported by an elaborate discussion of other European versions of the Monstrous Ransom folk-tale. No one, I think, has treated the play so carefully, sanely and persuasively as Miss Lascelles. She offers a model of how interpretative criticism should be undertaken and presented. Her work, unlike that of most of those who are shouting themselves home as wearers of Matthew Arnold's mantle, is humble, well-mannered, perceptive and written in admirable English. She remembers always that the play is poetry and she never asks 'why does the Duke do this?' but always 'why does Shakespeare make the Duke do this?'

I shall not try to précis the book or even to expound all its conclusions. I shall mention a few samples and beseech everyone to read and reread it with a text of the play on the table beside it and to observe carefully not only the conclusions but also the methods of reaching them.

No one must skip Miss Lascelles' long and careful treatment of sources. It is necessary to her exposition; it is also exciting and interesting in itself. She is not guilty of the stupidity of worrying (for the mere sake of worrying) a number of tales which Shakespeare might have known but didn't; she sorts out what he must have worked with—and uses others to show what attitudes to the problems of the tales were prevalent at various times.

The best part of the book is the 'long and reflective analysis' of the actual text of the play. Here Miss Lascelles, in the position of a stage-director, explains what she thinks the interpreting actors should be doing. She takes the lines in detail, finds convincing interpretations for the verbal obscurities and successfully suggests what Shakespeare is saying, feeling and doing. A perceptive critic did this recently to 'Hamlet' and produced a book which, though full of good things, was anaesthetic. Miss Lascelles never bores; I was at all times hurrying on to see what was to be lit by her next beam.

Miss Lascelles' suggestions about the text are more credible than Dr. Wilson's. It is generally agreed that the First Folio compositor for this play set type from a transcript made by the theatrical scrivener Ralph Crane from Shakespeare's original 'foul-papers' manuscript. Miss Lascelles suggests that imperfections of text arise from our text's being that of the earliest stage of the play as a written thing, before it had been smoothed by its author, a prompter and other men of the theatre. She regards the stage directions and dramatis personae as having slight authority. Dr. Wilson sees the Folio text as it might be an aged bear, wounded in many bairings, covered with sticking plaster, minus a limb or two, but plus some artificial ones. Miss Lascelles' bear is but a cub, inadequately licked into shape by its parents. Later perhaps there was licking and perhaps all the rough places were made smooth. I should like to think that Shakespeare hurried on to some other task, such as the writing of 'Hamlet'; elephant-children, in the nature of things, can expect more careful upbringing than rabbit-children.

Miss Lascelles, showing that the play is neither a tragedy, nor a comedy, but a tragi-comedy, offers an examination of this form, which 'has suffered in estimation from careless study and incomplete understanding'. This examination will be of value not only to those who make Shakespeare their exclusive study.

We shall never have a total explanation of 'Measure for Measure'. A poetic play, one in which half a dozen characters are altering and

growing up before our eyes, just wouldn't be a poetic play at all if it could be totally explained in prose terms. Miss Lascelles makes no claim to explain all. In what she does attempt she is remarkably successful. She makes sense of the play in its entirety; she lightens dark places; she goes a long way towards explaining why the play is for many unpleasant as well as powerful and beautiful. Her 'Measure for Measure' methods cannot be taken over intact for use on all Shakespeare's plays (on 'Macbeth', for instance, the sources business wouldn't work at all), but her attitude towards the difficulties of a difficult play will always be right and I hope that she will soon be turning her beams on others of the works of Shakespeare.

JOHN CROW

Misery and Grandeur of Poets

W. B. Yeats and Sturge Moore, their correspondence, 1901-1937. Edited by Ursula Bridge.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 20s.

IF PHILOSOPHY SOMETIMES seems to offer the spectacle of men walking through a fog of language dividing subjective mind from objective reality, the spectacle of poets struggling with philosophy, can be even more distressing. Misery and grandeur of poets! the reader of these letters can hardly refrain from reflecting. There seems no reason why poets should understand philosophy, considered abstractly; and yet poets are masters of language and presumably should understand the meanings of words. What nearly half of these letters (in which he takes his problems to Sturge Moore) illustrate is W. B. Yeats struggling with G. E. Moore, Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell, and being entirely unable to understand that there is any difference between saying that one has seen a real object and that one has seen an hallucination.

John Ruskin, [Yeats writes], while talking with Frank Harris, ran suddenly to the other end of the room, picked up, or seemed to pick up, some object which he threw out of the window. He then explained that it was a tempting demon in the form of a cat. Now if the house cat had come in both cats would have looked alike to Ruskin. (I know this, for I once saw a phantom picture and a real picture side by side.) Neither your Brother (G. E. Moore) nor Russell gives any criterion by which Ruskin could have told one cat from the other.

What is peculiar about this is that, on Yeats' own showing, there was a difference between Ruskin's phantom cat and the house cat. For presumably he did not think that if the house cat had come in Ruskin would have thought it a demon cat. If Yeats meant to imply that there is absolutely no difference between the real and the phantom, then why call the 'real' phantom, or the phantom 'real'? If there were no difference there would be no means of judging which was phantom, which real. This seems extremely elementary, and yet a discussion between Yeats and Sturge Moore continues through about half this book, in which Yeats either misunderstands or deliberately twists his philosophic reading to support his refusal not only to distinguish between phantasy and reality but to admit that there is any distinction between saying 'I saw something which was phantasy' and 'I saw something which was real', even though he himself is always making such propositions.

Misery of poets! Even to the most hard-boiled research student, for whom criticism is nothing but exegesis of work become the canon, there must appear something to be criticised in Yeats' apparent lack of interest in common sense and simple truth. And then, suddenly, grandeur of poets! he produces a statement which, if it does not illuminate the philosophic problem, shows how the poet's inability to distinguish between dream and reality has helped create for him in his poetry a world shared by many minds in which images are the physical features of a psychic map of all life:

The present realist argument breaks down because we have no longer the right to say that there is any image of the mind peculiar to one person: something of it is peculiar, as something of the images we call physical is peculiar, and that is all we can say. It becomes necessary to consider that all minds may make under certain circumstances a single mind. I am convinced that the diary of any psychic investigator is sufficient answer to any such philosophy as that in *Problems of Philosophy*

The argument has little or no relevance to the philosophy under discussion, but it has great relevance to Yeats' own poetry, and perhaps

also, though not to the philosophic idealism for which he was searching, to Jungian psychology. Yeats was not really a philosopher at all, but a psychologist who made significant contributions (not yet sufficiently explored) to the psychology of the unconscious mind. Perhaps philosophy stimulated him (as it has other poets) by creating in his mind a kind of vacuum of abstract thought which he filled with poetic images.

Besides the exasperating yet illuminating first year philosophic argument (in which Sturge Moore shines forth with admirable patience, intelligence, and charm) there is much of interest in this volume. Wonderful illuminations from Yeats: 'Schopenhauer can do no wrong in my eyes: I no more quarrel with his errors than I do with a mountain cataract. Error is but the abyss into which he precipitates his truth. The more wide-minded men like the beauty of speed'. This might be about himself.

Lastly, despite something journalistic and sensationalist about Yeats' attitude to psychical research, he does sometimes draw attention to coincidences with which psychologists of the future must surely be concerned. After he had completed his *A Vision*, he writes: 'I have just got Spengler's *Decline in the West*' [sic]. '... I had never heard his name and yet the epochs are the same, the dates are the same, the theory is the same—even some of my examples, such as the drilling of the eye in the Roman statues, and the screwing on of Roman portrait heads to ready-made conventional bodies, and these examples are used to prove the same things'. The coincidence here is certainly strange: as strange as that between the writing at the same time of, say, *The Birth of Tragedy* and *Les Illuminations*. What is even odder is to find Yeats writing of Spengler less than two years later: 'I disbelieve in the very aim of his treatment of history. For me history ought to be science and obviously cannot be, therefore it is best when it becomes a work of art and tries to prove nothing but merely be interesting or even beautiful'. It is probable that when all his letters are published, they will make hay of many critical studies written about Yeats.

STEPHEN SPENDER

Family Records

The Brudenells of Deene. By Joan Wake. Cassell. 21s.
The Onslow Family. By C. E. Vulliamy.
Chapman and Hall. 21s.

MISS WAKE'S BOOK on the Brudenells of Deene aims, in her own words, at 'being a straightforward and unbiased account of action and character in the limited circle of one family from the thirteenth' (actually the fourteenth) 'to the twentieth centuries. No imaginary conversations have been introduced and, whenever possible, the documents have been allowed to speak for themselves'. The result is a first-rate piece of historical work, scholarly and readable at the same time, which admirably succeeds in its purpose of conveying an impression of the progress of one of the great territorial families through the centuries, constituting, as Miss Wake says, 'an ever-changing microcosm of English history'.

In her task Miss Wake has been assisted, as she herself remarks, by the abundant resources of the Brudenell archives, particularly for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was during these two centuries that the fortunes of the family were founded by an able lawyer and administrator in the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII; that the great house of Deene, in which they have lived ever since, was constructed; and that they acquired, in each case for cash down, from the Stuarts, the titles first of Baronet, then of Baron and finally of Earl, the last being promised by King Charles I as a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, in return for a sum of £1,000. The fact that this was virtually the only tangible assistance that Lord Brudenell, as he then was, gave to Charles I, did not save him, as a Royalist and a Roman Catholic, from suffering imprisonment and sequestration of his estates under the Commonwealth Government.

From the Restoration onwards, the Brudenells embarked on an era of almost unbroken prosperity, troubled only by Titus Oates who had Lord Cardigan's eldest son and heir on his list. The handicap of religion was finally removed by the conversion of the third Earl apparently as a result of a visit to Rome at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and fifty years later the accession of the bulk of the vast fortune of the Duke of Montagu enabled his son-in-law, the fourth Earl of Cardigan, to attain the height of his ambition in the form of the Dukedom of

Montagu which was revived in his favour by George III in 1766. The reign of George III was indeed the climax of the fortunes of the house of Brudenell. Apart from the Dukedom, which in the absence of an heir expired with its holder, two of the Duke's brothers acquired separate peerages of their own. George III was devoted to the whole Brudenell family and among other marks of favour at Court insisted on making the Duke of Montagu Governor of the Prince of Wales. Incidentally, Miss Wake is guilty of one of her rare mistakes in supposing that the tax of 6d. in the £ on official salaries, which was levied on the Prince's establishment, was a perquisite of the Duke's.

The last quarter of Miss Wake's book is devoted to the careers of the seventh Earl of Cardigan and his second wife, which together extend from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the first world war. It was the seventh Earl who immortalised the name of Cardigan by leading the charge of the Light Brigade; but what is less remembered is that a quarter of a century before he became a national hero he was the best-hated man in England owing to what were regarded as his tyrannical methods of enforcing discipline over the officers and men of a crack cavalry regiment into whose command he had bought himself under the purchase system. A hardly less picturesque character is his second wife, the Lady Cardigan whose memoirs scandalised the Edwardians when they were 'ghosted' for her at the age of 83. Having lived with Lord Cardigan before the death of his first wife in 1873, to regularise the situation, she was never received at Court, and as a wealthy widow conceived the ingenious idea of forcing an *entrée* by trying to persuade Disraeli, after the death of his first wife in 1873, to marry her. Miss Wake prints her letters to Disraeli, culminating in a firm offer of her hand and fortune, which were preserved by Lord Rowton endorsed with a note that she had told him that she had refused Lord Beaconsfield's offer of marriage. Disraeli's reply, for obvious reasons, was not preserved by Lady Cardigan, who in her memoirs duly asserts that he asked her to marry him, implying that her reason for refusing him was that he suffered intolerably from halitosis.

Mr. Vulliamy's account of the Onslow family is largely based on an unpublished history by the late Earl of Onslow. Unfortunately the records of the Onslows cannot compare in richness with those of the Brudenells; nor has Mr. Vulliamy the good fortune to have to deal with such colourful characters as the nineteenth-century Earl of Cardigan and his wife. Mr. Vulliamy works hard, eking out his rather indifferent material with a good deal of what must be described as somewhat stale and out-of-date general history; but the net impression which he conveys is that the Onslows, in spite of producing three Speakers, were essentially dull dogs and hardly worth a book.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK

The Minor Key

Poems 1953. By Robert Graves. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Laughing Hyena and Other Poems

By D. J. Enright. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.

ROBERT GRAVES IS OVER SIXTY and a 'traditional' poet, but nobody has dared to call him a *doyen* yet. He would no more think of grouping poets in schools than a theologian would saints; 'the history of set forms', he once wrote, 'is of no greater importance to the student of literature than is the history of numismatics to the student of finance'; his work betrays no influences, illustrates no poetic theory, passes through no chameleonic phases—these are hardly the qualities to raise a cheer among the Rotarians of literature, who dearly love their 'shop', their prize-givings and awarding of marks, and their botanical rambles round Parnassus. Perhaps, having been popular as a prose-writer, Graves in the past has been freed from worrying about not being fashionable as a poet. But the poetry, which is what he really cares about, after by-passing fashion, is now at last, I think, approaching fame.

In *Poems 1953* the impulse behind every poem is as fresh and wilful as the impulse behind a good limerick. One cannot detect any habit there. And age, which has reduced some of the rising stars and virtuosos of twenty years ago to cold meteorites or bags of tricks, has preserved in Graves, as it did for Yeats and Picasso too, a special lightheartedness. A poet, as he ages, may be left in the lurch either by the passing of a period and its philosophy, with which he has too closely identified his inspiration, or, if he has been leaning too heavily on it, by the

collapse of his own personality. Wordsworth was made ridiculous in the one way and Byron surely would have been in the other. But Graves is safe on both counts. He has never tried to run his inspiration off any auxiliary motor of politics, religion or message. And although his poems are often about himself, the self is never used as a figure. Despite being an individualist he has never exploited the self, for the reason that he has always conceived of poetry as a visitor from outside to a tranced and passive recipient; 'poetry is what happens to a poet', he said the other day; and early he found the way of writing about himself passionately, but without a trace of egotism. He both is the picture and contrives to keep himself out of the picture. He is in the highest sense self-centred.

It is this that gives even the slightest and most skittish poem integrity. 'Leaving the Rest Unsaid' in this volume is a perfect example. Everything and anything Graves feels is material for his complete concentration. He cannot be persuaded to relegate some moods as 'trivial' or 'unworthy' to occasional pieces written for relaxation. This is why he has written some of the best humorous poetry in English—poetry, which makes you smile and yet, unlike mere comic verse, retains the power to arouse poetry's characteristic *frisson*.

Poems 1953 contains as fine work as he has ever done: 'Dialogue on the Headland', 'Dethronement', 'The Straw' seem bound to come to rest in anthologies—those absurd cocktail parties, to which Graves, for all his unsociability, will always be invited. 'Pure poetry' is an ambiguous *cliché*, but some interpretations of it might apply in this case. First, the poems are the product of a life which has been carefully planned to foster them. (It is nonsense to generalise that poets write poetry in any circumstances: some do, some don't.) Secondly, as the author himself proved on the Third Programme recently, they are so delicate that they should not be transferred from the page to the voice. Thirdly, it is difficult to describe the poems and the poet; one is driven to define them by negatives. I fancy he relishes his own role as a queer bird, for he ends his new collection quizzically dodging us again:

So now my solemn ones, leaving the rest unsaid,
Rising in air as on a gander's wings
At a careless comma,

Though Mr. Enright is too assured a poet to be a disciple and Mr. Graves too inimitable to be a model, there are likenesses between them—a cultivation of the minor key, a blend of pedantry and colloquialism, an ability to make jokes *poetically*, Mr. Graves jolly jokes, Mr. Enright more mournful ones. The poems in *The Laughing Hyena* are mainly short and mainly about the Middle East and the Mediterranean. The modern travelling poet tends to be tediously hard-boiled. He will start his poem at a tangent rather than with an exclamation, throw in a few lines of description later just to show that he knows his stuff on the Taj Mahal or whatever it is, and finally extract with affected casualness, like a seed from a tooth, the gnomic reflection that rounds it off. It is like a vulgar picture postcard which the proverb does nothing to redeem. Mr. Enright is not content to do this topographical, touristy sort of job. The sights he sees and the thoughts they arouse are of a single piece and never tacked together just for effect. Neither as a spectator nor a craftsman is he superficial. Eschewing rhyme he succeeds strikingly with internal assonances and rhythms which stray pleasantly but never get lost. He has a close concern for language, at its best precise and unusual as in this autumn scene:

Funereal lorries paced the sibilant lanes,
Heaved with distaste the dead leaves up in tongs.

at its worst precious and spinsterish. Does Coco-Cola, by the way, really need explaining in the glossary?

If the 'emergence of an individual voice', as the phrase goes, were all that we were looking for, Mr. Enright could be acclaimed at once. For he has a manner which is personal and easily distinguishable. But differentness has to be differentiated in its turn from true fertile originality, and at times with Mr. Enright I wondered whether the effort devoted to preserving individuality might not have involved (is this not a general psychological problem of our time?) a sacrifice of power somewhere. Was the manner protective? The forces were skilfully deployed but were there any in reserve? The individual voice making the individual comment is liable to go reedy in time. This is a really impressive first book, careful, certain and delicate. Its successor, however, will show whether the manner is to harden into mannerism or, as I hope and hazard, broaden to a less conscious, more flexible and entirely persuasive art. That would remove the last obstacle to my full enthusiasm.

JAMES MICHIE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Slot Machine and Snapshot

VIEWS FROM THE wearily climbed peak of Saturday night, the television week sometimes seems to have been like a stroll among the slot machines on the Palace Pier at Brighton. Too often one has a similar impression of mindlessness at work. As a comment on the ideas and labours of people dedicated by Charter to the purpose of informing, educating, and entertaining 'the public of this realm' that may be harsh. The impression remains. For all the skill and devoted ministrations which it commands, television has not yet rid itself of the peep-show context. The fault is less in the magic box than in the system of presenting the programmes and in the everlasting preoccupation with supply, the cramming of the stuff through the machine because the customers in their millions are waiting, because, in effect, television has a sales vocabulary like any other manufacturing concern. No apology is offered for the reiteration here of a sense of wonder that the pictures arrive on our screens or of regret that the programmes do not more consistently do justice to the genius which makes it possible. It is a genius deserving more than the tribute of the daily outpouring which tends to justify the slot machine simile. If television is not to harden into an uninspired reproductive process it must discover a policy of informing, educating, and entertaining us in terms of more resolute planning. That will mean fewer and better programmes. It is expecting the impossible from a single television service that it shall combine the attributes of the Home, Light, and Third Programmes of sound broadcasting.

'Chorus Girl' last week reflected something of the boldness which is required if television is not to deteriorate to standards at which 'output' governs all. It was given time to establish and exploit the verities of its theme and purpose. It was by no means television documentary at its best but its substance and form reasserted the virtues of the bolder presentation that is vital, I believe, to the future of television. 'Special Enquiry', on mining subsidence—an aspect of the eternal coal-getting drama that will no longer seem merely parenthetical to most of us who saw the programme—was a telling reinforcement of that conviction. Programmes like these render a distinct service to television.

Can as much be said for a series such as 'Snapshot'? As you may or may not remember, it lines up three or four photographs illustrating news from the past and three or four people, preferably celebrated—oh, those B.B.C. 'celebrities'!—to talk reminiscently about them. It is an innocuously simple idea, the sort that helped to make the fame and fortunes of the Newnes, Harmsworth, and Pearson journalistic dynasties many years ago. Last week's programme was the best yet. Cecil Beaton, Lord

Brabazon, and Peter Fleming each made highly effective contributions. But what is the guiding principle behind 'Snapshot', what informs its purpose? The other day I threw out a private good-will suggestion for a programme called 'Souvenirs of Success and Failure', which would show us personal mementoes of men and women whose careers contained the drama

moments provided by English and French footballers and English and Dutch athletes. Watching, the notion came up that the floodlighting scientists may eventually obviate last week-end's dreary domestic chore, putting the clock back. Presumably these massively illuminated affairs mean new optical problems for the television outside broadcast teams. Their cameras, at the

two events mentioned, were manipulated with an assurance that gave us some wonderfully bright pictures, including those of a floodlit Gordon Pirie racing home to one more victory. The daylight transmissions from the scene of the Ryder Cup play were excellent, embellished by the elder-statesman commentary style of Henry Longhurst, a model of unforced verbal attentiveness to all the moves of the game.

If the choice had been offered: 'Artists Must Live' or 'In the News', my hands would have been held forth in supplication for the first-named, a 'repeat' which stood up well to the test of the second look. There was no choice. Ever conscientious, I switched on 'In The News' and, enduring the sometimes ridiculous rough-and-tumble, decided that what the programme needs is a heavier-handed chairman than any it has had.

Television history was made when the picture of a man sought by the police came on to our screens. Viewers who know 'Hamlet' will probably have been visited by the appropriate quotation. REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Putting the Clock Back

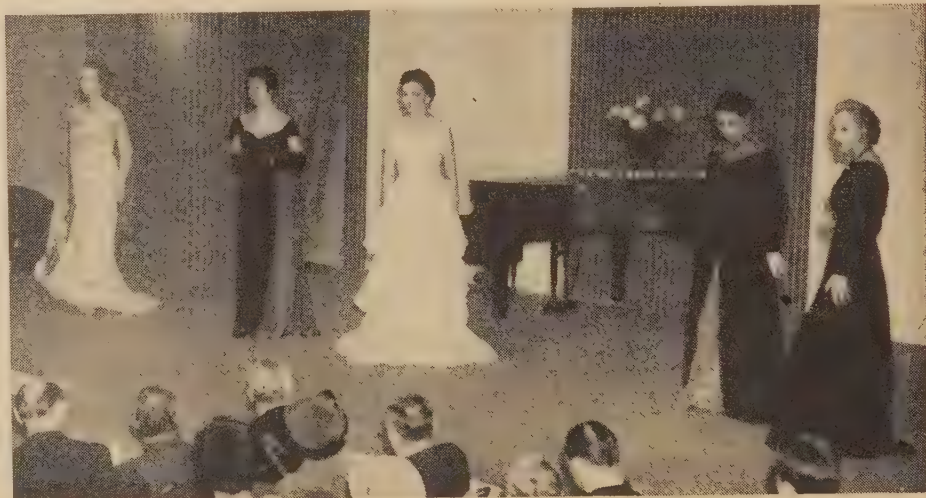
AS ONE OF TELEVISION drama's less stimulating weeks came to an end, the face of Big Ben took up its grateful position on the screen; one piece of old London I am always glad to



Scene from 'Chorus Girl', on September 28: on the right is Freddie Carpenter, the choreographer

qualifying them for inclusion under such a heading. That is an idea with roots. 'Snapshots' lacks them. It has its parasitic existence in the queer-lit margins between documentary and entertainment, an example of the kind of dilemma which television constructs for itself out of its obsession with pleasing all the viewers all the time.

Ruthlessly pushing back the frontiers of night, the flood-lighting at the Tottenham Hotspurs' ground and the White City Stadium enabled us to participate enjoyably in some of the good



'Fashion Parade' televised on September 30 from the Fashion Theatre of the Birmingham Mail Midland Ideal Home Exhibition

see. The time was eleven thirty, so it said: 'of course', we smiled, 'Summer Time still—tomorrow they'll wake up to all that'. And then to our amazement a mighty finger, some sixty or eighty feet high, peeped through the gloom and poked the erring hands back an hour! This was most disconcerting; the moving finger writes and having writ. . . . No one should ever put clocks back: bad for the works and agonisingly symbolical. Worst of all, though, the blessed illusion of Parliament Square dreaming in the gloaming is now gone for good. Shattering!

At the time of writing, the most considerable evening space has been given to two performances of what, for some reason, we have to call a 'documentary'—though, as it is acted, it falls to the lot of the drama critic to watch it, if you understand what I mean. It was called 'Chorus Girl' and radiated waves of stupefying boredom on Monday and again on Thursday. It was, no doubt, conceived in a thoroughly helpful state of mind: that peculiarly English state of mind, I sometimes think, which can be given the motto 'It isn't right. . .'. Somebody seems to have been struck with the thought: it isn't right a girl should imagine going on the stage is fun, a glamour-filled primrose path; let her learn: it is back-break and heart-ache. Now, though there is that aspect of going on the stage, or indeed in getting on in any career, it is only half the story. If this sermon thins the ranks of would-be chorines, I suppose we must regard it as a good thing. The devisers would probably deny that entertainment was their object, so we have no right to complain that it left us unamused. But did it even convince those whom it might most have benefited? Besides, I fear the old legends die too hard for that. There is, perhaps happily, a Cinderella in us all.

It was a relief to turn to more orthodox and cheerful drama: 'The New Morality', for instance, which wears very well indeed and came up fresh and amusing in Tatiana Lieven's production. It was nice to see Eleanor Summerfield scoring off Joy Shelton and George Benson as the amiable 'stooge', as he would be called in our days of the new vocabulary. A new play, or a play at least new to me, was less exciting on Friday. 'No Care Beyond Today' by Mark Bevan had a parlour setting and a promising basic idea: that a family, celebrating, should be out of the room at the moment when a special police B.B.C. message says that a bottle of wine (which is what we can see by the wireless set) has been inadvertently filled with something lethal. Ere long, lethal toasts are being drunk. Why don't they all drop dead? O well, there is an explanation. If you put on the radio again you hear that the police message was all a big mistake; nothing lethal after all. Laugh? We could have screamed! The supreme merit here was the brevity of the piece.

'Those at home, close your eyes if you don't want to know. . .'. This 'putting the audience in the picture' is a television gambit par excellence (it is the basis of half the parlour games). It is a mild way of rigging an effect of dramatic irony.

Small wonder then that Sunday night's drama 'The Public Prosecutor', by Fritz Hochwaelder should have commended itself. French Revolution melodrama is not, of course, as fashionable as it once was, when—whatever the compilers of 'Chorus Girl' might say—it was possible for a plain girl to make a steady living as a stage *tricoteuse*. But there is always a section of the public which lags behind and for whom the French Revolution is an attractive rather than a faintly damaging field for histrionics.

The dramatic irony here was long drawn out. The Public Prosecutor weaves the rope which is to hang him, if one may use a rather awkward metaphor for activities which are cut short by the guillotine. Jack Hawkins was almost too likable to do the long bravura role the justice it demands, but justice, however twistedly, was an exciting finish when at length it came. The last scene, the final tying of the knot, made most exciting watching. Dennis Vance was producing and—even if he does rather overdo the close-ups—I shall always like a producer who has a real sense of the pictorially dramatic. An expression, a profile, a gesture, would suddenly detach themselves and give our imagination just that invaluable extra little flick. Too many flicks can be tiresome: but the sum total here was effective. Googie Withers and William Sylvester as the Talliens had not very much to go on, but looked volumes: sinister, cynical, deadly calm. Esmé Percy, Ernest Thesiger (as the judge) and Thomas Heathcote as Fabricius were directed



'The Public Prosecutor', on October 4, with (left to right) Googie Withers as Theresia Tallien, Jack Hawkins as Fouquier-Tinville, and William Sylvester as Tallien

rightly—for melodrama. In a play less obviously contrived merely to exploit dramatic ironies, the style of playing might have reminded us too much of 'The Son of the Sheik' or one of those other deathless ten reelers of the silent screen. But it was quite a good all-out evening of television drama; if this is what putting the clock back means, I will not object.

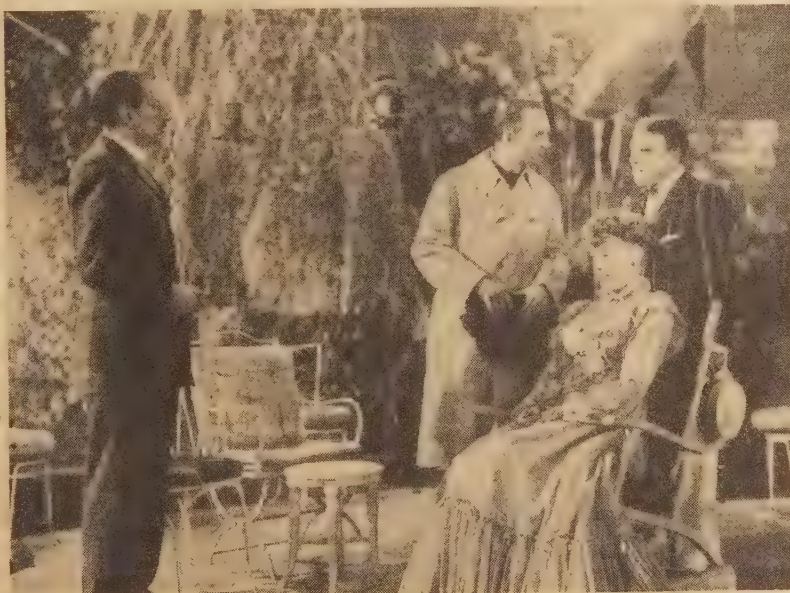
PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sunset and Moonrise

MANY MUST HAVE been glad to meet 'The Tragedy of Pompey the Great' (Home). We need to be reminded of John Masefield's sometimes forgotten quality as a dramatist, and of the dialogue that can have the lunge of a Roman road, the thrust of a Roman spear. The tragedy is a strong portrait of Pompey in the months before sunset. It is charged with excitement: the Centurion's speech, for example, that fortifies Masefield's own word in an essay: 'A Messenger is always effective. A compact and passionate story, well told, is a stirring thing and will hold any audience'. We have, too, Cato's brief speech ('There are two Romes, Metellus') at the end of the first act; the chief centurions' threnody over the body of Valerius Flaccus; Philip's 'Though we are ringed with spears', which in this revival was spoken, not sung, by John Cazaban; and the masterly plan of the third act before Pompey's doom. Masefield's text is spare, stripped: it is in the high Roman fashion. If, for a while, the dramatist does



'The New Morality' on September 29, with (left to right) Geoffrey Sumner as Colonel Jones, Peter Copley as Belasis, Eleanor Summerfield as Betty Jones, and George Benson as E. Wallace Wister

sacrifice action to debate, it is acute thrust-and-parry; we know that the play is controlled by a fine mind. The Drama Department might well look again at 'The Faithful', another play that shines beside the mediocrity of some current show pieces.

I was not always happy about the production of 'Pompey'. William Devlin, as the voice of honour and reason, carried it (when he said 'Rome', the name had its proper roll, its summoning splendour); and Brian Wilde, in two small parts, was on the note. But I was not much impressed by the Metellus; Cotta's magnificent narrative lost its full surge; and after the centurions' 'It is most grand to die', something better might have been arranged for the stage direction: 'Now without comes a shaking blast from a trumpet. It is taken up and echoed by many trumpets, near and far, blowing the legionary calls, till the air rings'. The third act, on board the *Fortune*, was managed ably, with the last sound of the chanty waning to the thin note of the bosun's pipe.

It was a decline to 'Dinner with the Family' (Third), one of Anouilh's *pièces roses*. Although this search for happiness begins well, in the full flare of delighted invention, it drizzles away to nothing in particular. Here it was produced and acted sympathetically enough to make one hope, Micawberishly, that something would turn up. It did not, but we were grateful to the players—Peter Coke for one—for their unwavering attack, and to the dramatist for a first act that is, alas ('Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day?'), a golden gate to nowhere.

On the other side, the first instalments of two current serials have each opened a gate to the Moon. 'Journey Into Space' (Light) is an instalment ahead. 'Everything went as planned until she reached 118,000 feet', said a voice. 'Then something seemed to go wrong'. How odd! Still, all's well; they have a rocket ten times more powerful than anything achieved up to now (1965); I daresay the story will soon begin in earnest. 'The First Men in the Moon' (Light) has an advantage: we know the book is a winner. Lance Sieveking's introduction—David H. Godfrey produces—was pleasantly in the spirit. With Cecil Truncer as Cavor (we have just met him while he wanders round Lympne, murmuring 'Zuzzoo, zuzzoo'), it is unlikely that there will be many bad quarters of an hour when we get to the Selenites.

I had a few moonstruck minutes with 'Ray's a Laugh' (Home), a programme that counts less upon its script than upon the chuckling personality of Ted Ray himself. Lately, the cheerful wanderer—unlike Alice's Gnat, every joke seems to make him happier—has passed from a crazy hotel to an antique shop (with a voice in the distance like Anouilh's peacock-wailing wife), and so to the underground railway and home. The instalment petered into domestic dullness. To raise his laughs Ray should keep moving. I cannot say much of a conventional thriller, 'Murder Case' (Home), which appeared to be hard work under leaden skies. 'The Disagreeable Man' (Light), about a nice pair of rogues, had its sun-burst when the play flowered into a surprising ending.

Last, several times between sunrise (more or less) and midnight on Sunday, I found myself dumped into the village of 'West Aller' (Light), almost, but not quite, on the Devon map. There were some sure touches; the dialect was true; and I knew we were in the right area when someone mentioned Plymouth Argyle. But the characters interested me less than some telling notes on the topography of the South Hams: place mattered far more than people. I would like to go back to West Aller at almost any hour of the day, but (and it is unsociable of me) not particularly to greet its inhabitants.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Four Talks

ON MY RETURN TO DUTY at the beginning of last week I found two poets, W. H. Auden and Robert Graves, demanding my attention on the Third Programme. In a recorded extempore talk call 'Huck and Oliver' Mr. Auden argued that *Huckleberry Finn* and *Oliver Twist* are key books for a proper understanding of the differences between the American character and our own, and by comparing the thoughts and behaviour of Huck and Oliver he underlined some of the points at which we differ. To my surprise I found the talk disappointing and one of the causes of my disappointment was, I think, that extempore speech, however skilful, is not the best medium for a critical theme. Criticism, spoken or written, requires the greatest possible precision of language and the listener or reader must be free to give it his undivided attention. But my attention was all the time distracted by watching Mr. Auden's performance. In my early childhood the funambulist Blondin used to pause in mid-course along his rope to cook an omelette on a small portable stove. It was a striking exhibition of what can be done on the tight-rope but it taught one remarkably little about the cookery of the omelette. But there was this to be said for Blondin; he was giving a demonstration of funambulism not of omelette-making, whereas Mr. Auden was presumably giving us a critical analysis of some aspects of the British and American characters, not, primarily, a display of extempore talking. It is probable that Blondin, his mind set on preserving his balance, did not cook a very good omelette, but that did not matter; we were not called upon to eat it. But we were intended, surely, to give our undivided attention to Mr. Auden's analysis. Extempore speaking is like violin-playing, to be tolerable it must be very good. Mr. Auden, though he never muddled a phrase or altered a word, began many of his sentences with a clearly pronounced 'um' which produced on me an impression of stress and strain which seriously handicapped my listening.

Later the same evening Robert Graves read and commented on poems he has written during the last year or so. It is always interesting to hear a poet read his own work even though many poets are very far from being the best readers of their own poems. Mr. Graves is one of them; indeed he reads his poems as if he were seeing them for the first time and didn't very much like the look of them, and I wished last week that the poems could have been read again at the end of his broadcast by a reader who would have done them justice. This would not only have given us a better idea of their qualities but would have allowed us to hear them twice. Only the simplest poems can be fully appreciated at first hearing.

On Wednesday a Third Programme talk called 'Miching Mallecho, that means Witchcraft' threw new and startling lights on Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'. The speaker was Laura Bohannon, an anthropologist. As is the laudable practice of modern anthropologists she lived for some time in the village of a West African tribe who were in the habit of congregating in the Chief's hut to indulge in conversation and the potation of beer. When she had had enough of both, Dr. Bohannon would sometimes retire to her hut and read, and one day she was questioned as to why she sat in her hut 'reading a paper'. The 'paper' happened to be 'Hamlet' and in an attempt to justify her behaviour she embarked on the story of the Prince of Denmark. Constant interruptions soon revealed extreme divergences between our view of the story and theirs. What seemed fair to us was foul to them and conversely, and there were certain details which were quite incomprehensible to them. At the end the Chief was obliging enough to give her the correct

interpretation of the story. The whole affair was exquisitely funny and Dr. Bohannon narrated it beautifully. And it was not only funny; it gave us, besides, a revealing glimpse into the morality and customs of the tribe.

Six talks on the Home Service called 'Studies in Musical Taste' by Antony Hopkins, of which I heard the first last week, are intended to help those who want to enjoy and understand good music, but—to judge from the first—they will be well worth the attention of those who already do so.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Happy Returns

IT IS JUST seven years since on September 29, 1946, the B.B.C. added to its two regular services a new programme. It is difficult now for those whose musical interests are not restricted to the familiar classics and the popular repertory of the concert-hall and opera-house, to understand how they got along without this Third Programme. So much has it added to our musical experience, filling gaps in our knowledge as well as providing memorable performances of great masterpieces, that its discontinuance, often forecast during its early years by those who detest any artistic manifestation beyond their own comprehension, seems as unthinkable as the closing of the National Gallery or the Library of the British Museum.

It is easy enough to poke fun at the Programme's foibles, its tendency, for instance, to give us *en bloc* all the works of some lesser master hitherto neglected by concert-givers. This does at times produce an effect similar to that which affects the visitor to some provincial Italian gallery, where he is confronted by rows of stereotyped and green-faced Madonnas by the local masters. Even so, close attention begins to reveal distinctions between, say, the Amico di Stuffitino and the Master of the Bloggs St. Jerome, between, among composers, Locatelli and Geminiani.

I have just had the opportunity of making this latter comparison in the sumptuous setting of the Sala del Mappamondo at Siena. The Accademia Chigiana, established in his palace by Count Guido Chigi-Saracini, has for twenty years or more been pursuing, within the more restricted sphere of old Italian music, the same kind of policy as that of the Third Programme. It has recovered and put into performance at its annual festivals a great quantity of old music, and in particular created the current interest in Vivaldi which has resulted in the preparation of a complete edition of his works now in course of publication by Messrs. Ricordi. Among its other activities the Academy has produced the Quintetto Chigiano, whose excellent performances are familiar to the B.B.C.'s audiences.

In the Festival just ended Antonio Cesti's opera, 'Orontea', was the most important event. Cesti is one of those figures, dimly illuminated in the standard histories of music, who are due for revival under the brighter light of the stage. Something has been done by Professor Wellesz to acquaint us with the quality of his Viennese masterpiece, 'Il pomo d'oro', that sumptuous manifestation of the baroque genius, in which all the arts were compounded into an entertainment for the Imperial Court. 'Orontea' is quite another matter. Composed for a public theatre in Venice, it makes but modest demands upon the scenic artist and the orchestral establishment. It sets out frankly to entertain the audience, relieving the more serious passions of the main plot with farcical interludes, whose function is that of the clowns in 'Twelfth Night'—to amuse the spectators. It must be said, however, that Cesti's librettist has not con-

trived to weld the two comic characters into his main story with Shakespeare's skill.

If the story is nonsense, the music is quite the reverse. It is really astonishing that so close upon the heels of Monteverdi a composer should have arisen who could give such fluidity to his musical forms and such naturalness to his characterisation. Cesti's characters are not the statuesque, over-life-size figures which Monteverdi fashioned, perhaps, with an eye on the grand designs of Mantegna. In musical terms it means that movement is no longer held up by frequent cadences, by that dropping of the voice at the end of sentences with which Monteverdi oddly anticipated Gurnemanz's manner-

ism of speech. Cesti's music, like his subject, is obviously not as 'great' as Monteverdi's in 'Poppaea', but it has a surprising freshness and charm and variety.

One of the remarkable features of the score is the way in which the comic characters are at one point combined with one of the serious ones, indulging in a sarcastic commentary upon the effusions of a love-lorn youth. This is the only ensemble in the work, but it is very successful and marks an important stage in the development of opera. The music of Gelone, the buffoon, gives one an interesting glimpse of what popular Italian music was like in the seventeenth century.

A recording has been made of the performance of 'Orontea', which was well sung though unimaginatively produced, and I hope we may hear it, or, at least, the first two acts, in the Third Programme. For it must be said that the last act with its lengthy unravelling of the intrigue by means (would you guess?) of a locket, is a bore.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

In the reference to the quality of Carl Nielsen's music made in Alan Frank's music criticism last week the word 'predictable' should have been 'unpredictable' and in the reference to the charm of Lisa Della Casa there should have been no hyphen between 'extra' and 'visual'.

Verdi: The Middle Years

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Luisa Miller' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Tuesday, October 13 (Third)

VERDI'S career may be divided into three parts. In this there is nothing unusual, for all great artists of long life must pass through the stages of youthful experiment, vigorous maturity, and ripened wisdom. What is unusual in Verdi is the slow pace at which he reached maturity and the prolongation of his powers, enormously enriched by experience, into extreme old age. At thirty-five Beethoven had composed the 'Eroica' Symphony, and Wagner, Verdi's exact contemporary, had completed 'Lohengrin' and was about to embark on 'The Ring'. At the same age Verdi was still engaged upon such subjects as 'The Battle of Legnano'. This is a typical product of Verdi's first period, a political melodrama in which he contrived to give covert expression to the patriotic aspirations of Northern Italy then under Austrian domination. The heroes of the period are such historical or legendary figures as Nebuchadnezzar, Attila, Macbeth, and Joan of Arc.

The second period reflects in its subjects two interlinked contemporary influences, the rise in importance and power of the bourgeoisie and that characteristic manifestation of bourgeois taste, the Parisian Grand Opera. So we find among the Dukes and Doges and Governors prominent characters who are of middle-class or humbler origin—the Germonts, Gilda and her father, Azucena and Simon Boccanegra and his friends. There is something irremediably middle-class about the principals in 'Un Ballo in Maschera', and even in 'La Forza del Destino', despite their pretensions to nobility, while the background of 'Forza' is filled with a host of humble characters. Of the third and final period, comprising the two last Shakespearean masterpieces, there is no need to say anything, beyond remarking that, like other great masterpieces of art, 'Otello' and 'Falstaff' tower up above their time and place. Like the original dramas, they are not of an age but for all time.

The limits of the periods in a composer's career are not, as a rule, clearly demarcated. One might argue for ever whether 'Aida' belongs to the second period in virtue of its melodramatic story and grand operatic spectacle, or to the third in virtue of its flexible treatment of form and enriched, symphonic use of the orchestra (which would also qualify that typical grand opera, 'Don Carlos', for inclusion in the third period). But the end of the first period is definitely marked. We may perceive the hinge or turning-point in 1849, the year after 'The Battle of Legnano'. In that year Verdi composed 'Luisa Miller', an opera which was quite unknown to English audiences of today until it was heard in the remarkable series of forgotten operas broad-

cast in the Third Programme to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death. Now, like 'Nabucco', it is taking its place in the current repertoire.

The libretto by Salvatore Cammarano, who had supplied that of 'The Battle of Legnano' and was later to attempt the impossible task of compressing Gutzkow's enormous drama into the libretto of 'Il Trovatore', is based upon Schiller's drama 'Kabale und Liebe'. This was in an entirely new vein for Verdi, closer in spirit to the bourgeois themes of German romantic opera, like 'Der Freischütz', than to the historical dramas which had hitherto engaged him. The action takes place in a Tyrolean village in the seventeenth century, and its heroine is the daughter of a retired soldier, a respectable and respected old man. The villain of the piece, Wurm, is a retainer of the local feudal overlord, and the hero, though a nobleman, appears at first disguised as a huntsman. The situation closely resembles that in the first act of 'Giselle'.

Such characters demanded less grandiose treatment than the courtiers and councillors of kings and the great soldiers leading the patriotic struggles of whole nations. The result is a more intimate style of music which foreshadows the tenderness and pathos of 'La Traviata'. There is plenty of the passionate hatred, rage, and despair which is familiar in all the earlier operas, but in the music of Luisa and her father this new note is heard distinctly for the first time.

As 'Luisa Miller' is still an unfamiliar work, it may be helpful to summarise its action. After an overture, which is remarkable for being a consistent development of a single theme, the curtain rises upon a village in the Tyrol, which is part of the domain of the Count of Walter. The Count has recently obtained the title by foul means and, to secure his position and further his ambitions, has betrothed his son, Rodolfo, to his relative, the widowed Duchess of Ostheim. But Rodolfo, disguised as a huntsman under the name of Carlo, has been making love to Luisa Miller, the daughter of an old soldier, before whose cottage the scene is set.

It is Luisa's name-day and the villagers assemble to congratulate her. Luisa comes out with her father to thank them. Miller is anxious about his daughter's love for the handsome stranger, but Luisa affirms her faith in him. At this point Rodolfo enters and an ensemble for soloists and chorus develops until the ringing of the church bell summons the villagers to church. One of them stops Miller. He is Wurm, formerly an approved suitor of Luisa's. He reveals the identity of Luisa's new lover and demands her hand in marriage. But Miller will not play the tyrannical father and Wurm goes away threaten-

ing vengeance, while Miller ruefully shakes his head over the situation.

After a scene in the castle, in which Wurm reveals to the Count his son's affair with Luisa, which makes Walter hasten Rodolfo's betrothal to the Duchess, we return to Miller's cottage for the first finale. Distant sounds of hunting can be heard and to their accompaniment Miller reveals to his daughter the identity of her lover. Rodolfo himself enters and protests his undying love for Luisa. The Count now arrives and orders the arrest of Miller and his daughter. But Rodolfo threatens his father with the revelation of his secret and so saves the situation for the moment.

At the beginning of Act II it appears that Miller has, none the less, been imprisoned by the Count. Wurm tells Luisa that her father is under sentence of death, but that she can save him by signing a letter addressed to Wurm himself, stating that she has really never loved Rodolfo but, in full knowledge of his rank, has played upon his affections. Tearfully the unhappy girl signs the false document and promises never to repudiate it. In the second scene Wurm brings the letter to the Count who arranges that it shall fall into his son's hands. The Duchess now enters and Luisa is introduced to her by the Count in order that she may, as arranged in the previous scene, declare her love for Wurm—an ordeal which Luisa bravely carries through.

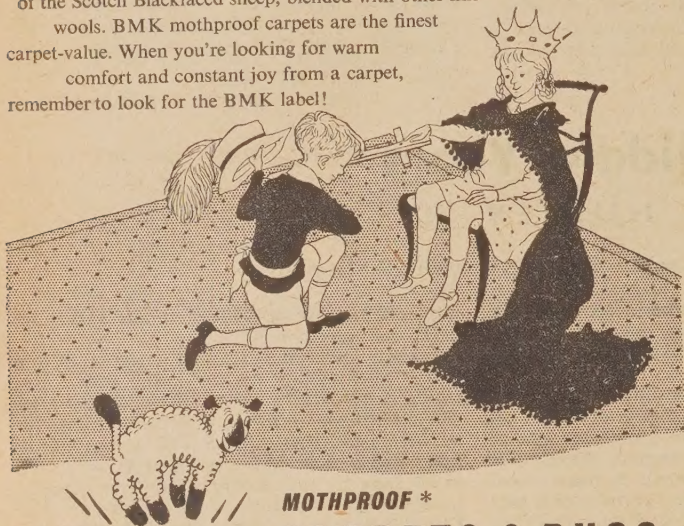
In the final scene of the act, which takes place on the terrace of the castle, Rodolfo, having read Luisa's false letter, challenges Wurm to a duel, but Wurm, who is a coward as well as a rogue, fires his pistol into the air to summon help. In the finale which follows, the Count pretends to relent and gives his consent to Rodolfo's marriage to Luisa. But the young man, supposing her to be in love with Wurm, is now ready to revenge himself by immediate marriage with the Duchess.

The last act takes place in Miller's cottage, where the unhappy Luisa is being consoled by her friends. Miller, released from prison, has learnt from Wurm what has passed, and, guessing from the letter which Luisa asks him to give Rodolfo, that she is contemplating suicide, pleads with her not to desert him in his old age. Miller goes to his room and Luisa kneels in prayer. While she prays, Rodolfo comes in and pours poison into a glass. He asks her if she really signed the letter to Wurm. True to her word, she does not deny it. In anguish, Rodolfo calls for a drink and Luisa gives him the poisoned draught. He bids her taste it too. Then inevitably the truth comes out and they fall dying into each other's arms, as the other characters assemble. Rodolfo manages to kill Wurm before he dies, and the two fathers are left to mourn their children.



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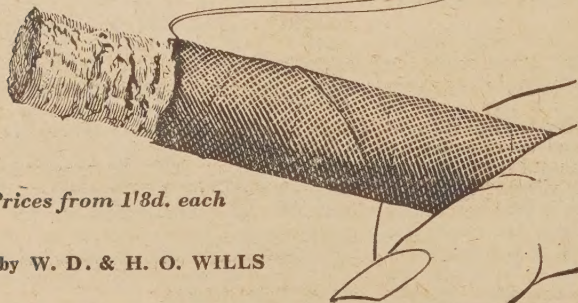
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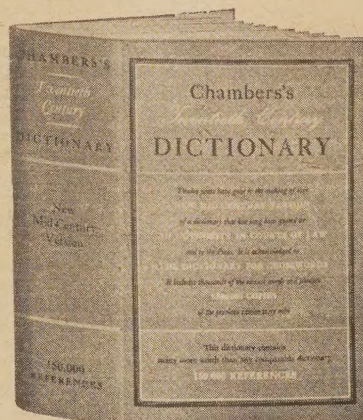
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

PUFF PASTRY

THE GREAT DIFFERENCE between puff and short crust in the making is the way in which the fat is introduced—in short crust it is rubbed in, in puff it is rolled in. For puff pastry equal quantities of fat and flour are used and in the mixing of the paste more water is used. Good puff pastry is the supreme test of the skill of the pastry cook. In making it, as you know, the flour is mixed to a paste with water, rolled out, and the fat enveloped in it in one whole piece, after which the rollings commence—six or seven of them. It is in the rollings the air is introduced.

Essentials for success are correct proportions, light handling, and most careful, even rolling. You cannot take liberties with puff pastry. Consider the initial process of making the paste by just mixing the flour and water. It is deceptive in its simplicity, but actually the main pillar of success. It must be done lightly and quickly to avoid any elasticity. Once you have any sign of elasticity in this mixture then toughness is inevitable. This paste must be soft enough to roll out easily without sticking to the board and the fat must be the same consistency as the paste. The fat used should be all margarine or all butter. Margarine gives excellent results but the flavour is inferior to butter.

The lightness of puff pastry depends on the amount of air we introduce in the rollings. After enclosing the fat, the pastry is rolled into a long strip about ¼-inch thick. It is then folded into three—envelope fashion, ready for rolling, so that you have two open ends. In starting to roll these open ends must face one, and

should be lightly pressed together to keep in the air. In rolling it should never be rolled off the end, as this may force air out. This procedure is repeated for each rolling. There must also be time for cooling between each rolling in order to harden the fat and keep the layers of paste and margarine separate. And, finally, it must be cooked in a moderately hot oven. A high temperature is necessary to expand the aid and so lighten the pastry, and also to burst the flour grains by which means they absorb the melting fat. If the heat is not sufficient this fat escapes and the pastry becomes tough and hard.

ANN HARDY

BOTTLING TOMATOES

For bottling, you want to choose firm, ripe tomatoes: fully red, but firm, not soft. If you are bottling them whole, choose tomatoes all of the same size. I always skin them: it is perfectly easy if you dip them for a few seconds into a saucepan of fast-boiling water. Then dip them into cold water so that you can hold them to peel them.

Now for the actual bottling. Have you tried what is known as the solid-pack method? That is my favourite. It is the one where you do not add any liquid at all. You just press the tomatoes tightly in layers into well-washed jars—halve or quarter them if they are large and remove cores if they are tough. In between each layer sprinkle the recommended amount of household salt and for good flavour a little sugar. Then you sterilise them and test for the seal just as you do for ordinary fruit bottling—timing carefully according to the recipe.

Another method for bottling tomatoes is to do them in a brine. Pack them whole and pour over them a brine made by boiling up water, salt, and sugar. Use the brine boiling, hot, or cold according to your bottling method. Here is a suggestion if you are going to use it cold: boil the salt and sugar with only half the quantity of water, and cool it down quickly with the rest of the water. You can bottle pulped tomatoes, too.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

- RAYMOND ARON (page 572): political and diplomatic correspondent of *Le Figaro*
SIBYL EYRE CROWE (page 573): lecturer in politics, Oxford University; author of *Berlin West African Conference 1884-1885*
PIETER GEYL (page 579): Professor of Modern History, Utrecht University since 1936; Professor of Dutch History and Institutions, London University, 1919-1935; author of *The Revolt of the Netherlands 1555-1609*, *The Netherlands Divided 1609-1648*, *Napoleon, For and Against*, etc.
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS (page 587): M.P. (Conservative) for the Devizes Division of Wiltshire since 1945; author of *Can Parliament Survive?*, etc.
JOHN CHRISTIE (page 582): Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, since 1950; Headmaster of Westminster School 1937-1949; Headmaster of Repton School 1932-1937
MICHAEL AYRTON (page 587): painter, author, theatre designer and illustrator; author of *The Unfortunate Traveller*, *Summers Last Will and Testament*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,223.

Form Fours.

By Chalba

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, October 15

1	2	3	4	5	21	16	11	6	1
6	7	8	9	10	22	17	12	7	2
11	12	13	14	15	23	18	13	8	3
16	17	18	19	20	24	19	14	9	4
21	22	23	24	25	25	20	15	10	5
5	10	15	20	25	25	24	23	22	21
4	9	14	19	24	20	19	18	17	16
3	8	13	18	23	15	14	13	12	11
2	7	12	17	22	10	9	8	7	6
1	6	11	16	21	5	4	3	2	1

Each clue leads to a word of four letters which must be inserted, in a clockwise direction, in the four appropriate like-numbered squares in the diagram. It is for the solver to discover in which of the four squares the word commences. When the diagram has been completed, the horizontal rows reading from left to right will reveal a continuous string of animals' and birds' names.

CLUES

1. The rate one travels
2. Man swallowed by a flesh-eating animal
3. One should accept such jade uncritically
4. Five leaving a celebration stagger drunkenly
5. Fillet a thrush's wings
6. The sound produced by a number of clappers
7. 'L' driver's desire of old
8. Bird-like start of fear
9. Poison letter, curse it
10. Pass me the axle-grease
11. Eternally serious at heart
12. Had a ripping time
13. How to cheat a singular illness
14. Soda yields nothing on a bird's tail
15. Side-pieces of eye-glasses lost
16. Spoken in Yugoslavia or Albania
17. When prohibition comes to nought, then the port appears
18. A singular alternative to double
19. Cow's companion giving milk
20. Camera studies show what times we've had
21. Light spread by Evangelical leader
22. Crush a letter in the post

23. Non-fictional hound in song
24. Partly open a bottle
25. Soakers are heartless types

Solution of No. 1,221

1	A	L	E	C	O	S	T	8	S	Q	U	A	L	I	D
2								9	A	P	U	Y			E
3	R		F	L	Y	I	N	G	K	I	T	E	S	A	
4												10			
5	O	V	A	L		L			L	V			11	S	O
6	P	T		P	L	A									
7															
8	O	T	H	E	R	S			C				12	R	O
9	S														
10															
11	F	R	E	S	H	A	S	A	D	A	I	S			
12															
13	O	I													
14															
15	P	U	N	T	E	R			O				16	S	L
16															
17	H														
18	E	D	A	M											
19															
20	L														
21	I														
22	A	R	M	O	U	R									

NOTES

7D and 22D: 'H.M.S. Pinafore' 9A: Uncle Dick in David Copperfield. 13D: Buchanan's Prester John. 26A: Last verse of the song in *Week-end Book* and elsewhere.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: P. A. Drillean (Harpenden); 2nd prize: G. C. Brown (Piercebridge); 3rd prize: Mrs. N. L. Cross-Rudkin (Lenzie).

CROSSWORD RULES—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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